

THE

Union Miscellany;

K OR,

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN

MINIATURE.

BEING A

Selection of entertaining and instructive

PIECES,

FROM THE MOST APPROVED

AUTHORS.

PRESTON.

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1817.5

Union Miscellany, &c.

THE MILITARY MENDICANT,

OR, BENEVOLENCE REPAYED.

BY MR. C. I. PITTS.

“ I WISH thee success,” said a clergyman, putting something into an old soldier’s hand——“ Adieu!” —“ Heaven return it thee!” exclaimed the soldier, with a look that spoke more to the heart than all the expressions of gratitude that ever were uttered. His wife curtseyed. “ God bless you both!” said the good divine, and rode on. The veteran fixed his eyes on him in silence, till he turned out of sight. “ What is it?” enquired the soldier’s wife. “ A guinea!” replied the soldier, wrapping it up carefully in a paper, and putting it into a greasy vellum pocket-book, the repository of his humble treasures. It had been his companion in all adventures, from childhood—and a faithful one. He esteemed it as a friend; and,

B —

unlike modern friends, it kept every secret with which it was entrusted inviolate. It contained—the pride of his heart—a memorial, in his own hand-writing, of all the battles he had fought, the wounds he had received ; up to that day on which the ruthless ball tore away the very arm which had so often wielded the instruments of vengeance against the enemies of his country from his scarred body. Here the heroic narrative was deficient ; but the remaining stump vouched for him—how much more impressively ! Through this misfortune he obtained his discharge ; that, too, was preserved, a companion to his memorial to which it was affixed, signed by all his officers, a testimony of his *honorable* conduct. It was the consciousness of having merited this, that transfused a gleam of happiness over all his despondencies : over these faithful memorials he frequently shed a tear, which sweetened the hour of distress, and bestowed a consolation only to be imbibed by minds attuned to the delicate harmony of Sensibility at the refined touch of Virtue.

Grant, Almighty Disposer of events ! that *my* heart may ever be awake to the still voice of honour ; that the season of calamity may not be rendered more irksome by the inquietudes of conscience !

“ A Guinea !” said the soldier. “ A guinea ! God bleſſ him for it !” uttered his wife. “ Amen !” rejoined the soldier. Would to Heaven that so hearty an *Amen* closed the prayers of the whole world !

“ There are *some* good people left in the world,” observed the wife. “ Heaven forbid there should not !”

answered the husband—and on they jogged, till an humble house of entertainment presented to them a welcome sight. They approached it joyfully; and turned in, to satisfy their moderate wants, and rest their wearied limbs.

The weather was cold; but they placed themselves, modestly, at a distance from the fire, though it was not quite taken up. A piper had kindly offered his seat: the veteran thankfully declined it; but was drawing nearer, when the landlord entered, who muttered something about *vagrants* and *paſſes*!

The soldier heard, but noticed it not: he knew the power of money, and accompanied his enquiry for refreshment with a wish to have change for a guinea. The word *guinea* operated as a magic charm: a clean cloth was instantly spread; a steak put on the fire; and the landlord insisted that the chimney-corner should be resigned for his military guest, who begged no one might be disturbed for him. The landlord was positive; forced both him and his wife on to the bench; swore every one ought to have a proper respect for the *King's* cloth; drank both *that* and his *Majeſty*, out of a brimmer which was just brought for the soldier; and assured the company, that he had once carried arms himself; but, having an opportunity to settle, he thought it best to sleep in a whole skin, and so *bought* his discharge.

This was all just—for any thing the company knew to the contrary: certain it was, that he had been a private in a marching regiment; but, respecting the manner in

which he left it, he had made a small mistake—perhaps, his memory was bad—perhaps, he wished to keep his own secret—or, perhaps, he had told his story so often, that he himself began to be persuaded of its verity. Reader, he was *drummed* out! “ For what ? ” askest thou. Peace, untoward spirit of Curiosity ! seek not to bring to light the misdeeds of thy brother, which Time has kindly left in oblivion :—Alas ! I am guiltier than thyself. I set thee an example. How frail is man ! how vain his reasoning !

The two travellers began their little repast. The landlord joined them. The soldier smiled him a cheerful welcome. The mug was twice filled ; and the table soon cleared. They all gathered close around the fire ; and the soldier related the adventure of the clergyman and the *guinea*.

The landlord *dare said*, beside that *guinea*, the parson had not above another in the world. “ *Gemmen*,” for they were all strangers, “ it is the curate of our parish, and a more *worthier* soul never lived ! He has a wife and four children ; and has but fifty pounds a year to maintain them, though the rectorship is worth five times as much. But the old rector died yesterday ; and so the curate came here to hire one of my horses—I keeps two, *gemmen*—to go to the Squire’s to beg for the living ; and he has all the parish’s good words and prayers with him.”—“ Heaven grant he may succeed ! ” emphatically interrupted the soldier. “ So says I ! ” rejoined mine host ; accompanying the hearty affirmation with as hearty a tug at the soldier’s ale—“ But, nevertheless, *gemmen*, I fears as how he wont ; for his ho-

nour the Squire, though they says something as how the estate i'n't rightfully his—but I wouldn't have it known I spoke of it—I scorns to meddle with other folk's affairs—besides, he might take away my licence, and times are hard—but Mr. Martin, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, knows all about it. And so, as I was saying, gemmen, the Squire has often's the time been heard to say, that he would sell the *parfontation*; and I am sure Dr. Kind can't buy it; for, as I said, he is but poor—and that was the reason I wouldn't take any thing of him for the lent of my horse—and he had the best too—though he doesn't buy two noggins of ale of me in a month. But then to be sure, he is parson of the parish, and doesn't get drunk. Here's his health gemmen!"' seizing a pot that stood next him, and calling his wife to replenish the soldier's, which was empty.

When the ale was drawn, the soldier produced his guinea for change. Boniface, and his rib; having both rummaged their pockets for the amount, found they were seven shillings deficient. "What the devil hast done with all thy silver?" cried Boniface. "Why, my dear" replied she, meekly, "didn't I give it to Dr. Kind out of the half-guinea for the hire of the horse?" This rather confused our *disinterested* host: but, not being easily put out of countenance, and thinking silence best, he took no other notice of the circumstance, than to bid her go and get change; winking to her very significantly, at the same time, to withdraw. The company had sat for some time, enjoying themselves in silence, here and there interrupted by a trite observation, when the piper offered to play them a tune. A dance was accordingly

proposed : but objected to, at first, by Boniface, who observed as how it spoiled good company. However, finding it necessary to conform to the humour of his customers, he determined to lose nothing by the temporary suspension from drinking ; and having emptied the only mug that had liquor in it, ordered his wife—who now returned with “ She couldn’t get change, though she had been at a dozen places !”—to fill all again, and stood up with the rest. The piper began ; and at it the went, if not with skill, at least with glee.

How fragile is the tenure of joy ! The piper had scarcely thrice repeated his strain, when in came the landlady, and informed her spouse, that Mr. Martin was come for his horse, which they had lent the Doctor in the morning. She was followed by the gentleman. *Scorum* was again confused ; and flammered out, that as how it had wanted shoeing, and so he had sent it to town. But Mr. Martin, who had overheard all the wife had said, taxed the delinquent with his guilt. He now begged ten thousand pardons ; and while the owner assured him, that had he lent it to any one else, he would never have excused him, the divine entered. The landlord swore for joy, and ran out to receive the horse ; and the Doctor and Mr. Martin shook hands, and were retiring into the parlor, when the former espied the objects of his benevolence ; and, apologizing to his friends, requested their company also. Thinking it their duty not to refuse, they modestly obeyed ; and, a cheerful bowl being instantly filled, they all sat down to enjoy it.

The soldier was agitated concerning the success of his benefactor: it was not busy solicitude, but the anxiety of gratitude. The Doctor was silent on the subject; and the soldier, persuaded of his success by the uniform chearfulness of his manners, set his own heart at rest.

Distress generally excites *curiosity*—seldom any thing farther. The appearance of the veteran excited that of Martin: but he was a humane man; and it was a laudible motive that induced him to hint, in a delicate manner, a desire of being acquainted with his history. The soldier readily gratified him.

His name, he said, was Roach; his father bore arms. He was born at Carrickfergus, in Ireland; and, when but two years old, his father being ordered abroad, his mother took him with her to follow the fortunes of her husband. At fourteen, he lost his mother, and, at sixteen, his father. He fought by his side; saw him fall; and had the pleasure of revenging him on the man who flew him. His life had been literally a continual warfare—but he had been raised only to a halberd.

Mr. Martin expressed surprize—merit is ever modest. “I deserved no more,” was the reply. He proceeded—

He had been thrice imprisoned in France, once in Spain, and once in Holland. “But I trusted in god!” said the hero. “And he delivered thee,” returned the divine.—During an interval between the two last imprisonments he had suffered, for the second time since he was

two years of age, he saw England. He then married ; and his wife had been his constant companion in all his succeeding troubles. At fifty, he lost his arm in the lamentable war that separated England and America : at Bunker's Hill he received the fatal shot ; and, with the united testimony of all his officers concerning his fidelity and bravery, was sent to finish his days in the mother country. He applied for the pension. Merit is not always successful ; he was modest ; and had not a friend at court. He applied in vain !

His wife had a relation in Wales, a creditable, though not a rich farmer ; to him they went, and lived with him, laboring for their maintenance, four years. He then died ; and, being ignorant of any other relations, left them his all. They were industrious, they were frugal : but prosperity is not always the reward of industry, and the frugal are sometimes sparing in vain. The hand of Providence seemed against them ; but the ways of Heaven are inscrutable ! Their cattle died ; their crops failed ! Their all was nearly gone ; when the honest pair called their creditors together, and surrendered to them the little that remained ; and taking an affectionate farewell of their neighbours, who all pitied, but were too poor materially to assist them, set off for London, to sue once more for the pension ; fearing, at the same time, that they had deferred the application too long.

They had travelled four days chearfully ; when they lost the purse which held the pittance they had to support them on their journey ! But they were resigned : they had begged through the fifth ; and on the sixth, they were

met by the charitable curate. Here the narrator repeated his thanks ; and the clergyman insisted they were not due, having done nothing more than his duty.

Mr. Martin, apologizing, enquired of the soldier where his father fell? "At Dettingen!" Had he no relation living? None, that he knew of. He had once a brother, christened Leonard, after his father; who, when he went abroad, was left with an aunt at Carrickfergus, and was then five years old. He addressed to him an account of his father's fate; but did not himself see Ireland till six years afterwards. He then heard that his aunt was dead; but, from all the enquiries he could make, had never been able to learn what became of his brother, or whether he received the letter concerning his father. "He did!" interrupted Martin. The clergyman, the soldier, and his wife, all fixed their eyes on him. "Heavens! is he alive?" eagerly exclaimed the serjeant. "No!" deeply sighed Mr. Martin. "He was my intimate friend. About six months after the receipt of your letter, he quitted Ireland; and, in the service of a foreign merchant, thrice travelled over the continent of Europe. His fidelity and zeal so attached him to his employer, who now settled in England, that he entertained him no longer as a servant, but made him his companion and confidant; and dying about eight years since, bequeathed him an estate in this county, amounting to eight hundred per annum, together with the presentation of the parish living."

Here the clergyman seemed rather discomposed. The soldier observed it. Mr. Martin went on—

" About this time, I became acquainted with your brother. He imparted to me every circumstance of his life. I assisted him in perpetual enquiries after you, but in vain ; and accidentally discovering a cousin of your aunt's, out of gratitude to her, at his death, about four years since, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds a year to me, he made him his sole heir: with a proviso, that if ever you could be found, the whole estate was to be your own, on condition of your allowing him two hundred pounds per annum. Nothing, then, remains, Sir, but to make the requisite proofs before the proper persons, which we will do without delay. Indeed, the strong resemblance you bear to your brother, is testimony enough for me ; but there are others to be satisfied."

" Praised be Heaven !" exclaimed the good Doctor. The soldier's wife was transported—she wept for joy.

The soldier bore his good fortune with admirable serenity. " I should have received more pleasure from this news," said he, " had not my cousin forestalled me in the wish of my heart, and prevented me from expressing my gratitude to that generous gentleman, in a proper manner, by giving him the living."—" Give you the living, Dr. Kind ?" exclaimed Mr. Martin. " He had bargained for it with Dr. Double."—" He has not broken the contract, I can assure you," replied Dr. Kind. " Is it not yours, then ?" hastily cried the soldier. " But it shall—it shall be !" And he took several turns, or rather quick marches, across the room. His heart was full—a tear relieved him.

In a few weeks his register from Ireland, and every necessary voucher for his identity, were procured. He asserted his claim; every one was satisfied with its equity, except his cousin; he took possession; solicited Mr. Martin, in vain, to accept a reward for his exertions; and, in presenting the rectory to the benevolent doctor, experienced the sublimest gratification of a noble heart, from the consciousness of having, by promoting the independence of Virtue, discharged the obligations of Gratitude.

HUMANITY.

DR. MOORE.

A CIRCLE of people from the adjacent hamlets, surrounded a seaman, as he lay on the ground.

Sir Matthew Maukith and his lady, stopped their carriage, and inquired what was the matter.

"It is a poor failor," said one of the crowd, "who has been overturned and sadly bruised by a gentleman in a phaeton."

"Why did not the fellow get out of the gentleman's way?" said Sir Matthew.

"He tried to do so; but it was not in his power to run fast enough, being as how, he had wooden leg," said one of the group.

"A woollen leg!" cried Sir Matthew; "how came he by a wooden leg?"

" His real leg was carried off by a cannon-bullet, in a sea-fight ; answered the same person.

" A sea-fight ! " repeated Sir Matthew ; " What the devil took him into a sea-fight ? "

" He went to fight for his king and country," answered another, (a pensioner from Chelsea-hospital) " as was his duty."

" Yes, yes," said Sir Matthew, " that was his duty, to be sure ; we must all fight for our king and country ; but he ought to have got out of the gentleman's way for all that ; he ought to have stepped a little aside, to let him pass."

" Why, please your honor," said the pensioner, " the gentleman drove so d——d fast, that the poor fellow could not get out of his way more than of the bullets ; if he had time he would have stepped a little aside, to let them both pass."

" Well, in my opinion," rejoined Sir Matthew, " the gentleman was to blame, and if he were here I should tell him so."

" The poor man seems much bruised, and unable to move," said the pensioner.

" Poor creature ! " cried lady Maukish, in a very sympathising tone, " he is much to be pitied."

" That he is," echoed several voices from the crowd.

" Well, but," resumed Sir Matthew Maukish, addressing the crowd, " Why do you not carry this bruised man into some of your houses, and put him to bed, and give him a cordial, and take care of him till he recovers ? "

“ Why, Lord ! your honor,” cried one of the people, “ none of us have spare beds ; most of us lie two or three in a bed already.”

“ Ah ! the odious creatures,” cried lady Maukish.

“ I’ll tell you, neighbours,” said one, who was well acquainted with the character of Sir Matthew ; “ we had best carry this poor man to Sir Matthew Maukish’s house ; he will certainly order him to be taken care of, and he is much more able than any of us, to maintain him till he recovers.”

“ Drive on,” cried Sir Matthew, putting his head hastily out of the coach-window.

“ Why do you not drive on, Sirrah ?” squeaked lady Bab, from the other window.

“ Ah, the odious creatures !” said the old soldier, mimicking lady Bab’s voice.

“ The devil drive you both, for a couple of hard-hearted niggards,” cried the person who knew Sir Matthew and his lady.

“ What a pity, to let a man lie alone, on the cold ground !” said a young woman.

“ Especially, a fellow-christian !” added an old one, who stood by her.

“ Christian or Turk,” said the Chelsea-pensioner, “ since nothing better can be done, if some of you will help me to carry him into my hut, I’ll take the best care of him I can, and I know my wife will make him welcome.—How fare you know, old boy ? continued he, addressing the seaman, who seemed to recover.

“ Thank you, thank you, brother,” replied the seaman, only a little damaged in the larboard-side, and

in the stern; but I hope to live to repay your comfort and you, for all your kindness; and if I chance to meet the fresh-water spark who ran foul of me, mayhap, I shall repay him also."

"I thank you for your humanity to that poor sailor," said a lady present.

"There is, in what I do, no great matter of humanity," replied the soldier; "an old soldier cannot let a wounded sailor lie on the ground, when he has a hut to give him shelter in; one who could not act such a part, would deserve to be drummed out of the army, instead of enjoying his Majesty's bounty, as I do, God Almighty blesses him!"



THE PHILOSOPHIC COBLER.

—
GOLDSMITH.
—

THOUGH not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it; it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces; the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate, for a while, the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the show myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face, how some hustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could ; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses' necks in another ; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any that I had yet seen : A poor Cobler sat in his stall by the way-side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine ; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a Philoscopic Cobler on this occasion : perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

" How, my friend," said I to him, " can you continue to work while all those fine things are passing by your door ? " " Very fine they are, master," replied the cobbler, " for those that like them, to be sure,

“ but what are all those fine things to me ? You don’t
“ know what it is to be a cobler, and so much the better
“ for yourself. Your bread is baked ; you may go and
“ see fights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when
“ you come home at night ; but for me, if I should run
“ hunting after all these fine folk, what should I get by
“ my journey but an appetite ? and, God help me, I
“ have too much of that at home already, without stirring
“ out for it. Your people who may eat four meals a day,
“ and supper at night, are but a bad example to such a
“ one as I. No, master, as God has called me into this
“ world in order to mend old shoes, have no business with
“ fine folk, and they no business with me.” I here
“ interrupted him with a smile. “ See this last, master,”
“ continues he, “ and this hammer; this last and hammer
“ are the two best friends I have in this world ; nobody
“ else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The
“ great folks you saw pass by just now have five hundred
“ friends, because they have no occasion for them. Now,
“ while I stick to my good friends here, I am very con-
“ tented ; but, when I ever so little run after fights and
“ fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow sad, and
“ have no heart to mend shoes any longer.”

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom Nature had thus formed into a Philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into an history of his adventures :—“ I have lived,” said he, “ a wandering life, now five-and-fifty years, here to-day and gone to-morrow ; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing.” You have been a traveller, then, I presume ?” interrupted I. “ I

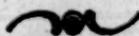
“ can’t boast much of travelling,” continued he, “ for I have never left the parish in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember; but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in, at some time or another. When I began to settle, and to take to my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me, perhaps, a whole mile away from my former customers, while some more lucky cobler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making: there was one who actually died in a stall that I had left, worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waistband of his breeches.”

I could not but smile at these migrations of a man by the fire-side, and continued to ask if he had ever been married. “ Ay, that I have, master,” replied he “ for sixteen long years; and a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My wife took it into her head, that the only way to thrive in this world was to save money; so, though our coming-in was but about three shillings a week, all that ever she could lay her hands upon she used to hide away from me; though we were obliged to starve the whole week for it.

“ The first three years we used to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual; so that I was at last tired of quarrelling, and getting the better;

“ and she scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct drove me, at last, in despair, to the alehouse ; here I used to sit with people who hated home like myself, drank while I had money left, and run in score while any body would trust me ; till at last the landlady, coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting into my wife’s hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole stall, after she was dead, for money ; but she had hidden it so effectually, that, with all my pains, I could never find a farthing.”

By this time my shoe was mended, and, satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to my friend.



THE ILL-FATED KOSCHIUSKO.

*Hope for a Season bade the World farewell,
And Freedom shriek’d as Kosciusko fell !*

Pleasures of Hope.

FOR the fate of the unfortunate, but gallant Kosciusko, what man, who loves his country, and is an honest admirer of patriotic exertions, will refuse to drop a consolatory, but indignant tear ?

The presumptuous interference of power and ambition, in the government of a free and virtuous state, is one of those unhallowed instances of political injustice, which cannot be inveighed against with too much force and execration.

The cause of innocence, oppressed by injustice, and of liberty, exterminated by the sword, involves the general interest of every nation, and affects every society and condition of men. It invigorates the slothful breast, and it raises, with unwonted nerve, the arm of fear; and its effects being written in characters, and its progress marked with torrents of blood, can we be surprized that nature has implanted an instinct in the mind, and has excited a hatred against a conduct so very arbitrary and nefarious?

If in private communities, that man is suspected, who, presumes to interrupt the sweet concord of society, who sows dissention, in a family distinguished for amity and peace; who destroys the confidence of friends; the intercourse of neighbours, and untunes that string, by which the harmony of order, and the interchanges and dependencies of life are made to vibrate;—how much more should we doubt and execrate that wilful agency that tramples upon every moral obligation, and reduces at once a whole country to anarchy and despair.

Thy opposition, O Kosciusko! to the cruel mandates of a tyrant, (for all are such who attempt to oppress and enslave their neighbours) was not only warrantable

and necessary in the eyes of the present generation, but will be recorded as virtuous upon the tablet of posterity ; and while the name of the inhuman invader, shall perish with her body in the tomb, the remembrance of thy spirit, and love of freedom, will exhale a meteor for the future light and animation of mankind. Altho' thy path in the orbit of the political sphere was short and circumscribed, yet, for a time, it was warm and luminous, and those clouds of power and injustice, which have now risen to obscure thy brightness, may soon disappear, and thy injured country burst upon thee at once, with renovated light, thy fellow citizens in liberty and peace, and thy proud and imperious enemy perhaps no more.

Upon a fortitude like thine, it is not to be supposed, that disappointment, with all its melancholy train of personal sacrifices and endurance, can have any very disheartening effects. It is in adversity, that a great man, conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, draws, as from a pure spring, the decided line of his future conduct. Retiring within himself, he can appreciate his own strength, and calculate his powers of mental action : and altho' secluded from the world, its busles and contentions, yet can he ruminate upon external errors, and lay the foundation of those reforms, which in a happier moment, with the desires, he may have the ability to execute.

The gloom and the silence of a prison, the momentary clanking of chains, the shrieks of agony, or the plaintive murmurs of despair, whatever impressions they may have upon a soft, or irritable mind, are converted into

subjects of salutary reflection, by him, who can abstract himself from causes, and investigate effects. If the body be confined, the soul is free, and can expatiate over the boundless regions of creation. The precurse thought may invite genius to explore, to ascertain, and bring to light the hidden seeds of matter; to follow the Almighty thro' his works to adore him for his goodness, and not to be depressed under the severity of his visitations. If it be in darkness and the shadows of death, the sweet reflection of having served the cause of virtue, in the defence of his country, will so lighten up the conscience of the patriot, that the bare reflection thereof will be a torch to illuminate his funeral, and to point out the spot, where so much excellence has been interred.

Under confinement, varied in circumstances, but partaking of the same features of mortification, and labouring under the same impressions of insult, who will not naturally associate the fellow-feelings of Stanislaus, the de-throned King of Poland, with those of the unfortunate Kosciusko, the champion of her independency; for some time her undaunted and successful warrior—but now, alas, a prisoner in chains. Ill-fated, but magnanimous pair! well may ye, indeed, and with patriotic sympathy, weep over the bleeding wounds of your devoted country; with patient resignation support your present depression; with pious hope look forward to the better condition of your fellow-citizens in arms, and to the comforts of their relatives and children. But, amidst these melancholy consolations, the wrongs you have sustained, must glow indignantly at your breasts, and make,

you pray, that, better auspices may enable you to look forward with confidence and success, to a future day of retribution and triumph, and to the safe return of liberty and peace.



A TRAVELLING MEMORANDUM.

AT a village not a hundred miles from Shrewsbury, I overheard the following conversation: "I would give my heart," said a well looking young man to a beautiful girl who sat beside him—"I would give my heart, Susan, for one kindly kiss of those bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while." "And pray," said Susan, with an arch expressive look, "where hath that roving heart of thine so long concealed itself?" "You little enchanting rogue," said he, with an emphatic look, which met her consenting eye, "and you pretend not to know where it has been!" Then clasping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm extatic kiss, expressive of the softest raptures. After she had a little recovered herself, with a sweeter blush suffusing her cheek than ever Aurora yet displayed. "Well Robin," said she, "I also would give my heart to have back that kiss again, were it in my power to give, but, alas! it is gone, and I fear will never more be within my power." "And when did this little wanderer take flight?" said he, "and where hath it taken up its abode since it left thee?" "It made its escape," said she, "the moment I knew I had got

possession of yours; for no sooner did I feel it warm within my breast, than it filled it so entirely, that I could find no place for any thing else; so off it flew directly, and here it took refuge (puting her hand upon his breast) feel how the little flutterer frisks about his new abode. "It is a kind little heart, Robin." said she, (concealing her face upon his bosom) "and will prove ever true to you." "Blessings upon thee, my lovely Susan," said he, (pressing her tenderly in his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon hers, the rapturous tears flowing copiously a down) "for now you have made me the happiest of mankind." Blessings upon you both, said I, retiring, and blessings upon all mankind. My heart is full; for is there any pleasure we can feel equal to that of participating in the bliss which is the reward of innocence and virtue.

BRITISH HEROISM.

SMOLLET.

IN the year 1759, a short time before the ever memorable taking of Quebec, by the gallant General Wolfe, an engagement took place at the Falls of Montmorenci in which the Regiment under the Command of Brigadier-Gen. Monckton, was engaged. Two Officers, one a Captain of the name of Ochterlony, the other an Ensign whose name was Peyton belonged to the same

Regiment. They were nearly of an age, which did not exceed thirty: the first was a North Briton, the other a native of Ireland. Both were agreeable in person, and unblemished in character; and connected together by the ties of mutual friendship and esteem. On the day that preceded the battle, Captain Ochterlony had been obliged to fight a duel with a German officer; in which, though he wounded and disarmed his antagonist, yet he himself received a dangerous hurt under the right arm, in consequence of which his friends insisted on his remaining in camp during the action of the next day; but his spirit was too great to comply with this remonstrance. He declared it should never be said that a scratch received in a private encounter had prevented him from doing his duty, when his country required his service; and he took the field with a fusil in his hand, though he was hardly able to carry his arms. In leading up his men to the enemy's entrenchment, he was shot through the lungs with a musket ball; an accident which obliged him to part with his fusil: but he still continued advancing; until, by loss of blood, he became too weak to proceed farther. About the same time Mr. Peyton was lamed by a shot, which shattered the small bone of his left leg. The soldiers in their retreat, earnestly begged, with tears in their eyes, that Captain Ochterlony would allow them to carry him and the ensign off the field. But he was so bigotted to a severe point of honor, that he would not quit the ground, though he desired they would take care of his ensign. Mr. Peyton, with a generous disdain, rejected their good offices, declaring that he would not leave his Captain in

such a situation ; and in a little time they remained the sole survivors on that part of the field.

Captain Ochterlony sat down by his friend ; and, as they expected nothing but immediate death, they took leave of each other. Yet they were not altogether abandoned by the hope of being protected as prisoners : for the Captain, seeing a French soldier with two Indians approach, started up ; and accosting them in the French language, which he spoke perfectly well, expressed his expectation that they would treat him and his companion as officers, prisoners, and gentlemen. The two Indians seemed to be entirely under the conduct of the Frenchman, who coming up to Mr. Peyton, as he sat on the ground, snatched his laced hat from his head, and robbed the Captain of his watch and money. This outrage was a signal to the Indians for murder and pillage. One of them, clubbing his firelock, struck at him behind, with a view to knock him down ; but the blow missing his head, took place upon his shoulder. At the same instant the other Indian poured his shot into the breast of this unfortunate young gentleman ; who cried out, " Oh, Peyton ! the villain has shot me." Not yet satiated with cruelty, the barbarian sprung upon him, and stabbed him in the belly with his scalping knife. The Capt. having parted with his fusil, had no weapon for his defence ; as none of the officers wore swords in the action. The three ruffians, finding him still alive, endeavoured to strangle him with his own fash ; and he was now upon his knees struggling against them with surprising exertion. Mr. Peyton at this juncture, having a double-barrelled

musquet in his hand, and seeing the distress of his friend, fired at one of the Indians, who dropped dead upon the spot. The other thinking the ensign would now be an easy prey, advanced towards him ; and Mr. Peyton having taken good aim at the distance of four yards, discharged his piece the second time, but it seemed to take no effect. The savage fired in his turn, and wounded the ensign in the shoulder ; then rushing upon him, thrust his bayonet through his body. He repeated the blow, which Mr. Peyton attempting to parry, received another wound in his left hand : nevertheless he seized the Indian's musquet with the same hand, pulled him forwards, and with his right drawing a dagger which hung by his side, plunged it in the barbarian's side. A violent struggle ensued : but at length Mr. Peyton was uppermost ; and with strokes of his dagger, killed his antagonist outright. Here he was seized with an unaccountable emotion of curiosity, to know whether or not his shot had taken place on the body of the Indian : he accordingly turned him up ; and stripping off his blanket, perceived the ball had penetrated quite through the cavity of the breast. Having thus obtained a dear-bought victory, he started up on one leg ; and saw Captain Ochterlony standing at the distance of sixty-yards, close by the enemy's breastwork, with the French soldier attending him. Mr. Peyton then called aloud—“ Captain Ochterlony, I am glad to see you have at last got under protection. Beware of that villain, who is more barbarous than the savages. God bless you, my dear Captain ! I see a party of Indians coming this way, and expect to be murdered immediately.” A number of those barbarians had for some time been

employed on the left in scalping and pillaging the dying and the dead that were left upon the field of battle ; and above thirty of them were in full march to destroy Mr. Peyton.

This gentleman knew he had no mercy to expect ; for, should his life be spared for the present, they would have afterwards insisted upon sacrificing him to the manes of their brethren whom he had slain ; and in that case he would have been put to death by the most excruciating tortures. Full of this idea, he snatched up his musket ; and, notwithstanding his broken leg, ran above forty yards without halting : feeling himself now totally disabled, and incapable of proceeding one step farther, he loaded his piece, and presented it to the two foremost Indians, who stood aloof, waiting to be joined by their fellows ; while the French, from their breast-works, kept up a continual fire of cannon and small arms upon this poor, solitary, maimed gentleman. In this uncomfortable situation he stood, when he discerned at a distance a Highland officer, with a party of his men, skirting the plain towards the field of battle. He forthwith waved his hand in signal of distress ; and being perceived by the officer, he detached three of his men to his assistance. These brave fellows hastened to him through the midst of a terrible fire, and one of them bore him off on his shoulders. The Highland officer was Captain Macdonald, of of Colonel Frazier's battalion ; who understanding that a young gentleman, his kinsman, had dropped on the field of battle, had put himself at the head of this party, with which he penetrated to the middle of the field, drove

a considerable number of the French and Indians before him, and finding his relation still unscalped, carried him off in triumph. Poor Captain Ochterlony was conveyed to Quebec, where in a few days he died of his wounds. After the reduction of that place, the French surgeons who attended him declared, that in all probability he would have recovered of the two shots he had received in his breast, had not he been mortally wounded in the belly by the Indian's scalping knife.

As this very remarkable scene was acted in sight of both armies, General Townshend, in the sequel, expostulated with the French officers upon the inhumanity of keeping up such a severe fire against two wounded gentlemen who were disabled, and destitute of all hope of escaping. They answered, that the fire was not made by the regulars, but by the Canadians and savages, whom it was not in the power of discipline to restrain.

THE STROKE OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

I AM now worth one hundred thousand pounds, said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just purchased.

I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and am *but* sixty-five years of age, hale and robust in my constitution; so I'll eat, and I'll drink, and live merrily *all* the days of my life.

I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, said old Gregory, as he attained the summit of a hill which commanded a full prospect of his estate: and here said he, I'll plant an orchard; and on that spot, I'll have a pinery.

Yon farm houses shall come down, said old Gregory; they interrupt my view.

Then, what will become of the farmers? asked the steward, who attended him.

That's their business, answered old Gregory.

And that mill must not stand upon the stream, said old Gregory.

Then, how will the villagers grind their corn? asked the steward.

That's not my business, answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber—from which he never more awoke. The farmers reside on their land—the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers all rejoice in his death.

PARKER'S JOURNAL.

The following is extracted from the log-book of Thos. Parker, who died in America, and who was an active naval officer during the American war.

FIRST part of the voyage—(alluding to the early part of his life)—Pleasant, with fine breezes, and free winds—all sail set—spoke many vessels in want of provision—supplied them freely.

Middle passage—Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels, our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm, and bore away—(Those whom he had formerly befriended, now in his distress refused him assistance.)

Latter part—Boisterous with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of honesty had an observation—corrected and made up my reckoning, and after a passage of fifty years came to in mortality road, with the calm unruffled surface of the ocean of eternity in view.



ON THE MISERY CAUSED BY IGNORANCE OF RELIGION.

—
KNOX.
—

THE weather was remarkably serene, and I resolved to leave my book-room to enjoy the vernal season. I walked carelessly from field to field, regaled with the sweet smells which arose from the new-mown hay, and cheered by every appearance of plenty and tranquillity. External objects have a powerful effect in soothing the mind of man. I found myself sympathizing with the appearance of happiness round me. Every ruder passion was lulled to rest, my heart glowed with benevolence, and I enjoyed for a short time a state of perfect felicity.

As I roamed without any settled purpose, my feet carried me to the city. Curiosity led me with the crowd to an execution; and as I had just left a beautiful scene, in which all was peace, I could not but be particularly struck with the contrast of the present noise, tumult, and dreadful spectacle.

I hastily left the place, when, to my mortification, I found that I had been robbed of my watch and handkerchief. While I was lamenting my loss, and encouraging some sentiments perhaps rather too unfavorable to my

species, I was suddenly involved in a crowd, collected with eager curiosity to see two hackney-coachmen terminate a dispute by the exertion of their strength in a single combat. The parties were nearly equal, and terrible was the conflict. The blows resounded at a great distance, and presently I beheld them both covered with blood and dirt; shocking figures to the imagination. The spectators expressed no wish the combatants might be separated; but seemed delighted when a violent blow took place, and disappointed when it was spent in air. I wished to interfere and promote an amicable adjustment of the matter in dispute; but I found my efforts ineffectual. I ventured to propose the separation of the poor creatures who were then cruelly bruising each other, to a jolly butcher, six feet high and three feet broad, but he gave me an indignant look, and threatened to knock me down if I dared to interpose. I found indeed that the combat afforded exquisite pleasure to the crowd. Some rubbed their hands with glee, some silently grinned, while others vociferated words of encouragement, and others skipped for joy. Great pleasures are however of no long duration, and this amusement was terminated by one of the combatants ceasing to rise on receiving a violent stroke on his left temple. Down he fell, and the ground shook under him; and though he attempted three times to rise, he was unable to effect his purpose; and the whole circle agreed that he was beaten within an inch of his life. The conqueror had only lost three of his fore teeth and one eye, and all agreed that he had acquitted himself like a man. The crowd, which had been so much delighted with the fray, no sooner saw it concluded, than with looks of disap-

pointment they began to disperse. I took the opportunity of examining the state of the vanquished party, and found him still alive, though almost in need of the means which are used by the Humane Society to accomplish his complete revival. An officious acquaintance hastened to his assistance with a dram of brandy, which contributed greatly to accelerate his recovery. He no sooner rose than he poured forth a volley of dreadful imprecations on his limbs, which had already suffered extremely. Instead of thanking me or any of the spectators who had endeavoured to restore him, he swore, in a muttering tone, that if we did not stand out of his way, he would fell us to the ground. We readily receded, when the hero, putting on his clothes, walked away, turned down an alley, and was seen by us no more.

My reflections on this scene were such as tended to the degradation of my species; and not being in very good spirits, I determined to enter a coffee-house, and seek amusement by a perusal of the newspapers. I sat down, and happened to cast my eye over the last column which consisted of nothing but narratives of rapes, robberies, and murders. Though I knew that this was not at all uncommon, and that every day's paper of intelligence could furnish something of a similar history; yet being in a melancholy mood, I was particularly struck by it; and hastily laying down the paper, and paying for my dish of coffee, I put on my hat, and resolved to walk to my little rural retirement about four miles from this turbulent scene.

As I walked along, I could not help calling to mind, with sentiments of extreme regret, the pleasing ideas with which I had set out in the morning. All was then tranquillity and benevolence. But I have seen, in the space of a few hours only, such pictures of human misery and perverseness, as could not but occasion uneasiness in a mind not utterly destitute of sympathy.

Surely, said I, nature, or the God of nature, never intended that man should be so degraded. It is passion which deforms the beauty of the moral world ; it is wickedness and the neglect of religion which renders man more miserable than the brute, who is happy in his insensibility. What then can I think of those writers who argue in defence of immorality, and against revelation ? What of those governors of the world, who bestow no attention in preserving the morals of the common people, and encouraging the teachers of such doctrines as conduce to the arising of the reptile man from the voluntary abasement in which his evil inclinations are able to involve him ? Let the magistrate, the clergy, the rich and powerful of every occupation, whose example is irresistible, exert themselves in diffusing virtuous principles and practices among the people at large. Such benevolence, more beneficial than all pecuniary bounty, considered only as preventing temporal misery, causes man to approach nearer to his benignant Maker than any other conduct. To that Maker, said I, let those who have charity apply themselves in prayer for the diminution of evil of all kinds, and the extension of happiness and peace.

I was musing on such subjects when I found myself at the door of my little cottage. The evening was beautiful. The clouds in the west were variegated with colours, such as no pencil has yet been able to imitate. My garden breathed odours, and displayed the bloom of shrubs, such as might adorn the Elysian fields of the poets. All conspired to restore the tranquillity of the morning; and when I retired to rest, my spirits being composed, I soon sunk into a sweet sleep, pleasantly interrupted in the morning by a dream, which, as it appeared to have some connexion with the ideas which I had entertained in the day, I shall relate.

I thought I was on a large plain covered over with flocks of innumerable sheep. They appeared to straggle without a guide. Many had their fleeces torn by brambles, some were lost in a barren wilderness, others were pursued by wolves, and not a few were constantly engaged in annoying each other with their horns. There was a general bleating in a tone expressive of great distress. I pitied the poor creatures, but saw no hopes of affording them relief, till I turned my eyes to the eastern part of the plain, when I beheld a venerable shepherd with his crook inviting the sheep into a fold, through which ran a delightful stream of clear water. Many rushed in, and began to drink with avidity. The alteration in their appearance was in the highest degree pleasing. The lambs played about without any fear of the wolf, and the sheep lay and basked in the sunshiné, or sought refreshment in the cool shade. The shepherd's looks were benevolent

beyond expression. He made use of every inticement to bring the sheep into the fold, but many would not hear his voice, and some seemed to hear it, but perversely ran away from him. I saw those who were so unhappy as to refuse to enter, perish miserably by falling from rocks, by famine, by the violence of the wolf, and by disease. I turned from the painful prospect to see the good shepherd and his fold ; and I thought at the close of the day he led the sheep into a green pasture, the verdure and fertility of which was increased by the gentle river which flowed through the middle of it.

I was so delighted with the scene, that I was going to call out to the shepherd in an extasy of joy, when I awoke.

I could not but lament the absence of so pleasing a vision ; but the avocation and necessities of life called me from my bed, which I left with resolutions of devoting the rest of my life to the alleviation of evil wherever I should find it, and to the securing of his favour who can lead me from the vale of misery to the waters of comfort and the fountain of life.



A VIEW OF BEDLAM.

FROM THE MAN OF FEELING.

—THEIR conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of the cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexprefibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: He seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without shewing them some others: who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for shew, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man, who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their dif-

ferent vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. "He fell a sacrifice, said he, to the theory of comets; for, having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, Sir, continued the stranger, I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions" Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South-Sea annuities, India-Stock, and Three *per cent* annuities consol. "This, said Harley's instructor, was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the west, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum."

“ It is a spondee, and I will maintain it,” interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer.—

“ That figure,” said the gentleman, “ whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation; he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

“ But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of Mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited; the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large mad-house.” “ It is true,” answered Harley, “ the passions, of men are temporary madness; and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede.”

“ It was indeed, said the stranger, a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it.”—“ Sir !” said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. “ Why, yes, answered the other, the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary.”

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and bowing as low to the monarch, as his dignity

required, left him immediately and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and shewed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it: "This, said he, is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and fix. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune; but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West-Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no

effect on her inhuman parent ; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her ; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty : her father's affairs soon after went to wreck and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice : he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet-ring she wore on her finger : she turned them now upon Harley. " My Billy is no more ! said she, do you weep for my Billy ? Bleatings on your tears ! I would weep too but my brain is dry ; and it burns, it burns, it burns ! "—She drew nearer to Harley.—" Be comforted, young lady, said he, your Billy is in heaven." " Is he indeed ? and shall we meet again. And shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there ?—Alas ! I am grown naughty of late ; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven ; yet I pray sometimes ; when I can, I pray : and sometimes I sing ; when I am saddest, I sing :—You shall hear me, hush !

" Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
" And green the sod that wraps his grave !"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood ; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

" Do you weep again ? said she ; I would not have you weep, you are like my Billy ; you are, believe me ; just so he looked when he gave me this ring ; poor Billy ! 'twas the last time ever we met !—

" 'Twas when the seas were roaring—I love you for resembling my Billy ; but I shall never love any man like him.'—She stretched out her hand to Harley : he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears.—" Nay, that is Billy's ring, said she, you cannot have it, indeed ; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold thread from this bit of fluff ; will you keep it for my sake ? I am a strange girl ;—but my heart is harmless ; my poor heart ! it will burst some day ; feel how it beats."—She press'd his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening.—" Hark ! one, two, three ! be quiet, thou little trembler ; my Billy's is cold !—but I had forgotten the ring." She put it on his finger.—" Farewell ! I must leave you now."—She would have withdrawn her hand ; Harley held it to his lips.—" I dare not stay longer ; my head throbs sadly : farewell !"—She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity ! his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand : " Be kind to that unfortunate."—He burst into tears, and left them.

THE HIGHLANDER.

FROM ABBE REYNAL'S HISTORY OF THE INDIES.

THE English attacked, in 1747, the Spanish settlement of St. Augustine, but were obliged to raise the siege. A party of Scotch Highlanders, who attempted to cover their retreat, were routed and cut to pieces. A serjeant alone was spared by the Indians who fought under the banners of Spain, and was reserved for that lingering death to which those savages devoted their prisoners. This man, when he beheld the instruments of the cruel torture that awaited him, is said to have addressed the fanguinary tribe in these terms :

‘ Heroes and patriarchs of the new world, you
‘ were not the enemies I fought to meet : You have,
‘ however, gained the victory: Make what use of it you
‘ think fit. The fate of war hath delivered me into
‘ your hands ; and I dispute not your right. But, since it
‘ is the custom of my felow-citizens to offer a ransom
‘ for their lives, listen to a proposition which is not to be
‘ rejected.

‘ Know then, brave Americans? that, in the country which gave me birth, there are certain men endowed with supernatural knowledge. One of these sages who was allied to me by blood, gave me, when I became a soldier, a charm which was to render me invulnerable. You saw how I escaped all your darts; without that enchantment, was it possible I should have survived the many hard blows with which you assailed me? I appeal to your valour. Did I either seek for ease or fly from danger? It is not so much my life that I now beg of you, as the glory of revealing a secret of importance to your preservation, and of rendering the most valiant nation in the world immortal. Only leave one of my hands at liberty, for the ceremonies of the enchantment. I will give a proof of its power upon myself in your presence.’

The Indians harkened with avidity to a speech that equally suited their warlike disposition and their inclination towards the marvellous. After a short deliberation, they unloosed one of the prisoner’s arms. The Scotchman requested that his broad sword should be given to the most alert and most vigorous person in the assembly: and laying bare his neck, after he had rubbed it over with magic signs, and muttered a few inarticulate words, he called out, with a loud voice, and a cheerful air, ‘ Behold now, ye sage Indians, an incontestable evidence of my sincerity. You, warrior, who grasp the instrument of death, strike with your whole force; you are not only unable to sever my head from my body, but even to pierce the skin of my neck.’

He had scarcely pronounced these words, when the Indian, fetching a most dreadful blow, made the head of the serjeant fly to the distance of twenty yards. The astonished savages stood immovable. They looked at the bloody carcasse, and then cast their eyes upon themselves, as if to reproach one another for their stupid credulity. Admiring, however, the stratagem employed by the stranger to shorten his death, and to avoid the torments that were prepared for him, they granted to his corpse the funeral honors of their country.

THE OLD SAILOR.

MRS. SMITH.

D'Alonville's heart revolted as the execution of his scheme approached. To enter his native country in disguise; in the mean garb of a peasant—and representing one of the persons whose politics he detested, appeared to him so degrading, that he was sometimes tempted to renounce his plan of seeking De Touranges and St. Remi, and enter a volunteer in one of those corps of emigrants that were now assembling, and which were to be paid by some of the combined powers; but the advice of Ellefmere, and the solemn engagement with Madame de Touranges, and still more with her daughter, which he thought himself bound to fulfil; together with a belief,

that if parties could be formed in the interior of the kingdom, it would be of more effectual service than any attempt without—conquered his repugnance, and he determined to pursue his first intention.

He had a long journey to make through the whole of Picardy and Normandy; and every precaution was necessary to secure his reaching the place of his destination. To appear as a prisoner escaped from the Austrians, seemed to be the least objectionable means of making his way back to his own country. He found that there were prisoners confined at Bruges; he went thither, and found it easy to procure a sort of certificate, from one of them, with his name, and that of the national regiment in which he served. He made himself master of the circumstances that happened when this man and a party of French were taken prisoners; and arranging the story he should have to tell, he furnished himself with a number of small assignats, which he placed in the linings of his clothes; and depositing what other money he had in safe hands at Ostend, he departed thence on an evening, and took the road to Dunkirk. A former walk to Rosenheim had given him considerable experience, and he reached Dunkirk without any difficulty. The examination he underwent there, was more strict than he expected: but certain of not being personally known, and having taken every precaution against being suspected for a gentleman, he answered the enquiries that were made, with so much clearness, that he was believed, and was offered either the permission of returning to his own province, which he said was Normandy, or to enter into any of the regiments

at Dunkirk. He told a very plausible story of an old mother; and of his other brothers being all killed in the service; which was also believed; and he even received a certificate from the commanding officer of the town, granting him a furlough for six weeks, and describing him as Jacques Philippe Coude, serving heretofore in such a regiment; lately escaped from imprisonment; who had desired leave to revisit his family before he returned to the service of his country. Thus provided, and having well studied the cant of the day, he embarked at Dunkirk, in a small sloop, for St. Maloes. The first two days the voyage was prosperous: but on the third, they were chased by an English privateer, of which a few were already fitted out; and D'Alonville, as the vessel gained upon them, felt inconceivable uneasiness from the apprehension of being taken, and carried to an English prison under circumstances so degrading, that it would be almost impossible ever to vindicate himself to his English friends. When he had for more than an hour suffered an alarm, that he dared not avow, it fortunately abated by a change of the wind, which enabled the sloop in which he was, to run into Cherbourg; and D'Alonville thinking himself most fortunate to escape such a return, to a country where his only hopes of happiness were fixed, would not again subject himself to the same danger, but quitted the sloop, and hired a small boat under pretence of dispatch, which he knew must keep along shore; and the master of which agreed for a very small consideration to land him at St. Maloes: from thence to the town of Merol which St. Remi had named for the place of their

rendezvous, was about five and forty or fifty miles; situated on the extreme edge of the province of Britanny.

It was in an afternoon, towards the middle of March that D'Alonville went on board a long fishing-boat, rowed by an old, but athletic inhabitant of Cherbourg. With the assistance of a lad of thirteen, they kept as close to the shore as possible; and as night came on, hauled still nearer to the rocks; as they intended in case of bad weather, to land: but the evening was calm and serene: and the owner of the boat, who appeared to have some business at St. Maloes, besides conveying D'Alonville thither, was disposed to make the most speed in his power; and the wind was fortunately in his favor, and filled his little sail with a steady breeze. D'Alonville, who had taken his passage as a man from the northern army, who had been a prisoner escaped to Dunkirk, and was now sent by the commander to St Maloes on public business, had been so fatigued by the repetition of this fiction, and so reluctantly acted the part it imposed on him, that having once given this account of himself to his conductor, he did not wish to enter into farther conversation; being too well assured, that in answer to any question he might ask, as to the state of the country, or the disposition of its inhabitants, he should hear nothing but what would add to the painful sensations with which he approached it.

It was midnight; a few stars, and a waning moon already fading in the distant waves, afforded all the light they had. The old seaman kept at the helm, frequently

fortifying himself with a cordial of Eau-de Vie, re-inforced with repeated quantities of tobacco. The boy was sleeping on a bench that crossed the gun-wales ; and the silence of the night was unbroken, save by the roar of the surf on the beach, which they were near enough distinctly to hear in a dull and hollow murmur. Uneasy as were the thoughts of D'Alonville, this monotony of sounds, and the fatigue he had for so many days gone through, together with the supposition that he was now at least in security, induced him to indulge the heaviness that was coming upon him. Since he had escaped any suspicion as far on his way as Cherbourg, he had then ventured to purchase a small pair of pistols, which he concealed within his waistcoat. He knew his companions thought him unarmed, and he was not sorry to be provided with these as a defence ; not that he suspected them of any intention to take advantage of that circumstance, but there was a sullen silence about the old man that did not altogether please him ; and he had more than once occasion to remark, how much since the revolution the character of the lower class of the French people were changed. Notwithstanding the little confidence he had in his boatman, he put on the red cap with which he had provided himself, and wrapping his coarse coat round him, he soon fell asleep ; from which he was, after some time, suddenly startled, by the noise of fire arms, which appeared to be so near him, that he sprang upon his feet, and looked round him ; but all remained just as it were before forgetfulness overtook him ; except that the vessel was immediately beneath the high cliffs that bound the land. The old seaman was at the helm, but he had lowered

his sails ; and the boy paddled the boat along, while he guided it slowly among some high pointed rocks that seemed to rise here perpendicularly out of the water, which was deep, and still around them.

D'Alonville asked, hastily, where they were ? And what was the noise they heard ? The man answered, in a mournful and reluctant sort of way, that they were close under the town of Grandville, on the western coast of Normandy : ' And for the noise,' said he, ' they are at the old business, I suppose, killing some of the people who happen to have said or done any thing against the new government.' This opinion seemed to be founded in truth ; for the cries of the victims, and the shouts of the executioners, were distinctly heard after another volley of fire arms. D'Alonville shuddered, yet felt half impelled to leap on shore, and throw himself among the demons who were busied in this work of death. ' Are you going to land ?' enquired he, as the boat still seemed to get near the shore. ' Have you any business in this town ?'—' Who, I ?' replied the man :—' No, thank the bon Dieu, I have no business there, and I assure you, no mind at all to be among them.' ' Are they then bad people in this town of Granville ? What ! are they royalists, my friend ? Are they enemies to liberty ?'

' Liberty ! liberty !' muttered the man, with an oath half stifled—' Liberty ! but you have been in the midst of all, it seems—and like it, I suppose—though one would think you must have had pretty near enough of Sacre Dieu ! but one must hold one's tongue.

‘ Why, how is this ? said D’Alonville, agreeably disappointed in the principles of his sea-faring companion. ‘ Why are you not a friend to the republic—to our glorious new privileges ? Why, is it possible you can speak thus of our constitution, of our liberty ? ’

‘ Bah ! ’ cried the old man, peevishly. ‘ Tell me what good we have got by it.’

D’Alonville enumerated the advantages that have been held out, in all the parading terms with which they have been dressed to catch the multitude. ‘ Ah ! yes to be sure,’ answered the sailor ; ‘ Now I’ll tell you what I have got by all this, mort Dieu ! I have been out of luck, sure enough, if so many blessings were going about, to have caught none of them ; but, on the contrary, diable ! I’ve had nothing but plagues and sorrows ; but I suppose, if I complain to you, monsieur le Soldat, I shall be clapped up in prison as soon as you catch me on shore.’

If you think so, friend, don’t trust me with your confidence ; but I assure you, though I am a soldier, and have been at the army, that I don’t want to hurt any man for his opinions.’

‘ I don’t much care,’ said the man ; ‘ I’d as soon go to the gullotine, I think, as not, unless times mend.’ ‘ I am sorry,’ cried D’Alonville, ‘ they are so bad with you ; but what have you particularly to complain of ? ’

‘ Why, in the first place, I had four sons, grown up, fine young men as I ever saw ; the shortest of them was as high as you are, and stouter ; the eldest of them belonged to a merchant ship that traded to the islands—he was killed by the black people at St. Domingo. The second was in the king’s service—an excellent sailor—he was forced, whether he would or not, to sea in a republican vessel ; and it is only a fortnight since I have known that he has been taken by the English, and is now in an English prison, poor lad ! and they say that the English, who, when I was a prisoner among them the last war, treated us very well, and even gave me my parole, so that I suffered little, are now grown very severe, and endeavour to make confinement as bad as it can be ; so I think I shall never see my son again.’ ‘ You served then in all the last war ?’ said D’Alonville. ‘ Yes,’ replied the old man ; ‘ and was in two or three engagements ; in the last I was a boatswain, by favour of my commander, who, when we were exchanged and went back to France, took me particularly under his protection ; and my wife was received into the family of his lady, who brought up my daughter ; my poor dear girl !

‘ You have not been unfortunate in regard to her too, I hope,’ said D’Alonville.

‘ Ah !’ cried the sailor, with a deep sigh, ‘ that is what hurts me most of all—but I will tell you how it happened :—my third boy, a fine fellow of nineteen, was taken when he was quite a child into the service of my commander, and brought up to be his servant. Alas !

he was with him when he was seized and carried to prison on the fatal second of September ; and he perished with him in the Abbaye. The fourth, who was but a year younger, was so enraged at this injustice and cruelty (for what had Michael done that deserved death ?) that he quitted the revolutionary army where he had entered, and went to serve under the princes in Flanders ; where, I believe, he fell the end of the last year in the retreat, for I have never heard of him since.'

The poor man was so affected, that his voice failed him.

D'Alonville, however fearful of betraying himself, could not conceal that he sympathised with this unfortunate father. ' Perhaps ' said he, ' your fears may be groundless ; though you have not heard from him, your fourth son may survive.'

' I have no hope,' he replied ; ' had he not been dead, I am very sure he would have found some means of letting me hear of him ; for he was a dutiful boy, and he knew what his mother and I suffered about his brothers—Ah ! no ; I have none left now, unless Pierre should survive a long imprisonment : I have none left but that lad you see there ; and as soon as he is old enough to carry arms, he too will be put under requisition, and be compelled to serve, whether he likes it or no.'

‘ But your daughter,’ said D’Alonville—

‘ My daughter,’ resumed the poor man; ‘ my daughter was the hope of my life; my commander’s lady took her, and brought her up to be about her person; and she was pretty, and every body admired her; a reputable tradesman at Paris would have married her, but Madame de Blanzac, her mistress, thought her too young, and desired her to stay a year or two, till her lover was got a little forwarder in the world. She was at Paris at the dreadful time when her poor brother was murdered; she was not indeed in prison, but remained with her mistress at an hotel, where she saw four people killed before her eyes; she was so terrified, as to be immediately deprived of her senses, and was rather, I fear, a burden, than of any use to the lady she served—when she found means to escape to England, after the murder of her husband. During the voyage my poor girl recovered some recollection; but on the vessel’s arriving in the port of Pool, where they were to land, the cries of the sailors, and the loud voices of the people who surrounded the ship, brought so strongly to her mind the noises she had heard at Paris during the massacre, that in the frenzy which this terror occasioned, flew upon deck, and, before any one was aware of what she intended, she threw herself into the sea.’

A dead silence ensued for a moment; the old man could not proceed.

D’Alonville, at length, said, ‘ And was there no attempt made to save her?’

‘ Oh ! yes,’ replied he ; ‘ and she was saved from the water, but her senses were quite gone. I do not know how Madame de Blanzac, distressed as she was herself, was able to sustain the additional burden of my poor girl, in such a condition ; but she promised never to forsake her, and she kept her word. Some ladies in England to whom her melancholy story became known, were very kind to my unfortunate daughter, and tried to get her senses, but it was all in vain ; they were irrecoverable ; and she is now in one of the public hospitals in London, where lunatics are received.’

The laborious life to which the old sailor had been inured, had not hardened his heart—Nature had still a powerful influence ; and his voice bore testimony to the tribute he paid it, as he thus concluded his mournful narrative.

D’Alonville would have spoken comfort to him, but he could find none. These wounds to domestic happiness he knew could not be cured. He remained silent, therefore, reflecting on the dreadful havoc that civil war had made in his country within so short a space ; and he shuddered when he trusted his imagination for a moment with the horrors that were yet to come. He was now ashamed of having suspected his conductor of designs against him, and of having mistaken the sad silence of sorrow, for the full meditation of the assassin. They were, by this time, at some distance from the place where the report of fire-arms had been heard ; and D’Alonville, endeavouring to shake off the melancholy impression his com-

panion's history had left on his mind, enquired why he had kept his boat so near the shore as they passed under the rocks of Granville?

The sailor replied, 'that there were frequently sentinels placed on the cliffs, to prevent those from escaping who were called disaffected; and that had the boat been discerned, or heard, they would have been fired upon with very little ceremony; but that under the cliffs they were less likely to be perceived.'

D'Alonville then entered into conversation on the present appearance of France, and received an account of the desolation that reigned throughout the northern provinces, which, when he landed, and surveyed the state of the ground, did not appear to have been exaggerated.

Without hazarding too much by confidence in his boatman, they became much better acquainted before they had finished their voyage; D'Alonville discovered, in the course of their conversation, that his conductor would more willingly put him on shore at any place near St. Maloes than in the port; and D'Alonville was much more willing to land in some remote part of the coast. They therefore perfectly agreed in their plans, and keeping at some miles distance from land the whole day, as if they were engaged in fishing, as night approached they drew towards the shore, about five miles to the west of St. Maloes; where, in a small creek, formed by projecting rocks, they might land, and by a winding path gain the country.

The wind, which had hitherto been extremely favourable, still blew to the shore; but it had risen as the sun set, and the water, curling and whitening as it rolled toward the beach, threatened an approaching storm. The vessel, therefore, could carry no sail; and the old man taking in his canvas, rowed slowly and laboriously toward the point where they had agreed to land. As the boat mounted the dark waves, or funk between them, and as the coast before him rose indistinctly, or wholly disappeared, D'Alonville could not help reflecting on his strange situation, returning thus to the land of his ancestors. The cliffs, whose rugged forms were distinguishable through the gloom of the evening, were the boundaries of Brittany! Once before he had seen them in returning from an excursion of pleasure, when in early youth he had, with his father, visited Brest, and gone back by water with several ladies and friends. He recollects all the parties; not one, perhaps, now survived, unless it was his brother, of whom he dreaded to hear; but with whom, in the part of Brittany to which he was going, he comforted himself that it was not improbable he should meet. At length, with very painful emotions, he saw himself once more on shore on the coast of France. He paid his conductor more than their agreement, and took his name, and the name of his son, whom he supposed to be a prisoner in England. There was a possibility that should he ever return thither, he might find the young man living, and relieve the anguish of his unfortunate father, to whom, however, he forbore to hold out a hope that might never be realised.



THE PRECEPTS OF CARAZAN.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

MR. J. JACKSON.

IN the plains of Persia, where the Araxes, foaming along its channel, gently washes the neighbouring fields, Carazan, the venerable Persian, had spent his days. His age was threescore and ten ; and his knowledge exceeded all the sons of man. His drink was the crystal rill : his habitation a remote cave, overgrown with moss ; and his diet consisted of those natural gifts which are liberally lavished on mankind by the all-bountiful Alla.

The Eastern and Western Worlds had unfolded their sources of learning to his view, and he had profited by them all. Confucius awakened his mind to the study of Nature ; the Magii taught him to behold the omniscient power of the Almighty in the construction of flowers ; the Bramins pointed out the duty of man, by the actions of beasts ; and the Egyptians bore his soul on the wings of Astronomy, to the knowledge of the ethereal Luminaries. He combined, in himself, the learnings of all nations, and of sages venerated for piety and scientific knowledge ; as the resplendent Mithra unites, in his fervid focus, the scattered beams of lucid light.

It was the practice of Carazan, every morning, to offer up a prayer to Heaven for his preservation and health, before he tasted of any refreshment. He had, therefore, one morning, according to this practice, retired to a small grotto, that stood fast by a limpid rill, and, in a pious orison, poured forth his soul to the empyreal Dispenser of every good.

As he was thus employed, he was suddenly amazed, by a youth's throwing himself at his feet. His gorgeous apparel, the diamonds that adorned the scabbard of his symitar, and his majestic stature, bespoke him a prince.

Carazan was astonished : he recoiled from him, as the wary traveller from the deathful serpent, that lies hidden in the burning fands of Lybia ; and was leaving the grotto, when the youth, catching hold of his garment, thus addressed him—

“ Venerable Sage ! pardon the presumption of youth, and the forcible manner of my entrance, till you hear my tale. Behold, reverend father ! Mahmut, heir apparent to the imperial diadem of Persia, bending before you. Behold the son of a mighty monarch, at whose name states tremble, and treason is no more, craving your advice. I am blessed with every object that the earth affords, but yet I am unhappy. At an early age, ere the beard bristled on my chin, and pronounced me man, I became sad, sorrowful, and melancholy. I

sought the sages of my father's court : I told them, that I wanted peace of mind ; but, alas ! they could give me none. I was recommended to seek the humble cottage, since there only Content resided : but the peasant was displeased with his situation in life ; he longed to become a satrape, and was therefore unhappy. I hastened to the wars ; I braved the iron front of battle, but, alas ! death and slaughter yielded no pleasure. I plunged into debauchery, voluptuousness, and lust ; and, after long swimming on the fascinating lake of luxury, emerged only to feel the poignant assaults of my conscience. I come, now, holy Carazan, to implore your assistance and advice ; and, if you know the spot, the manner, or the race, in which, or with whom, Happiness resides, deign to impart that knowledge to an unhappy though royal wanderer."

The simplicity and manly eloquence of the prince, his unaffected deportment, and engaging mein, caught the heart of the aged Persian. A sweet tear of sensibility fell from his eye ; and, raising the suppliant from the earth, he thus replied—

“ Arise, my son, and may the almighty Alla direct my tongue to teach you happiness ! Whatever knowledge I have gained, the faithful lips of Carazan shall unfold. You have sought happiness, but in vain ; your researches were frustrated, because they were directed to wrong objects. Happiness is not restricted to any class of beings, but lives wholly with Content ; and Content may equally reside with the Peasant, the King, and the Sage. The reclaimed libertine may forget his past follies,

and quaff her delicious nectar: the king, without debasing his dignity, may eat of her delightful ambrosia.

“ To you, Mahmut, Content is, indeed, a stranger! Not because you were hated by her; but because you missed her road, and fell in with her enemies, without knowing them, as the unwearied pilgrim will nourish an adder in his bosom, till the point of his sting chastises his temerity. You plunged into the lake of Luxury; but, instead of gaining the bark of Happiness, you tempted the rocks of Satiety, and the quicksands of Gluttony. You sought the habitation of the peasant; but Astraea has long been banished from the earth, and the Golden Age is now no more. You faced the tremendous front of war, you bade the welkin roar with the cries of dying men; and then Content was, indeed, far from you! Death and Destruction are her inveterate enemies; nor can she ever draw breath, when surrounded by Slaughter and Repine. Would you, my son, gain Happiness; would you obtain tranquillity of mind; attend to these precepts, and put them in practice—

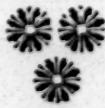
“ First, my son, remember, that you are a prince, and will shortly have to rule an extensive and wealthy empire; be it, then, your care, to make the people love you; to effect this, follow Virtue, and act uprightly. Let Vice never seduce your mind to a^{ll} subservient to your passions, but restrain the licentious wishes of the one, by the strength and solidity of the other. Pursue Justice; let that be the fundamental law, the grand standard by which all your deeds shall be measured. Inspire your

subjects with a veneration for Religion and Virtue, by the example of yourself and court. Reject the vain notion, the frivolous idea, that kings cannot be just, without sacrificing a part of their regal dignity ; it reflects honor on a prince, to be impartial and good. Your subjects will love you, without fear ; their affections will be the guard of your throne, and their loyalty a barrier to the machinations of treason : their wealth will be the basis of your splendour, and the strength of your admirations. Make them behold, in you, at once, a legislator, a father, and a protector ; the guardian of their laws, the defender of their rights : and cease not, on your part, to consider them as your children. Let mutual love rivet you together, by the strongest of all ties ; and happiness shall spread over your empire, blessed with plenty and peace. Your subjects will twine around your throne, as the ivy twines around the oak ; you shall support them as the oak does the ivy : thus, united together, what treason can ever succeed ? what daring fiend of sedition will be able to elude the bow-string ?

“ Above all, blooming Mahmut ! preserve a good conscience : that is the foundation of happiness ; and, even should the Angel of Adversity smite you, still shall you be happy. But that idea I eradicate from my mind ! All shall strengthen your power ; and your subjects’ love shall defeat every attack of misfortune : your life shall pass away, undisturbed by the reproofs of conscience, the vengeance of Heaven, or discontents and rebellions of your people— as this limpid rill glides along, unchoaked by sedges, or obstructed by any other impediment.

" Thus, by attending to the precepts of Virtue, and practising them with exactness and self denial, you shall live in peace and tranquillity, delight and prosperity, till the Angel of Death shall seize you in his grasp, that the everlasting Genii may usher you into the regions of immortality. Then shall you retire from the dark, terrestrial hall; revered and regretted by men, for your justice and impartiality, and beloved by the myriads of heaven, for your piety and righteousness."

While he thus spoke, Mahmut—who still kept his eyes on the ground—felt a divine fire glowing within him: his heart vibrated to the sweet voice of Morality; and he perceived the mists of Superstition and Prejudice, and the dense clouds of Ignorance and Error, vanish from his view, as the thick clouds of night fly at the approach of day. A calm serenity settled on his mind, as the ocean becomes gentle after a hurricane. He looked up, to thank his preceptor; but he was gone, neither could any traces of him be found. It is, however, written in the golden manuscript of Truth, deposited in the celestial temple of Virtue, that he was immediately translated to the mansions of permanent Felicity; and now tunes his lyre to the music of Alla, amidst the celestial choirs of Paradise.



THE INVALID.

DR. MOORE.

" You have a pension from Chelsea Hospital ?" said Mrs. B——.

" Yes, that I have," cried the soldier ; " and it is regularly paid, although I do no manner of duty."

" You were wounded, perhaps ?"

" I was that, through the body, at the battle on the heights of Abraham, where General Wolfe was killed, please your ladyship ; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy fled before he expired ; and well he deserved such a death, for he was an excellent officer." " You could do no more duty as a soldier, after being so wounded ?" said Mrs. B——. " Every bullet, your ladyship knows," replied the soldier, " has its commission ; that which went through my body had not a commission for death, but only for wounding ; and so I recovered, and did my duty the following winter in the action near Quebec, where General Murray, commanded."

"I hope, you was not wounded there also?"

"Yes, I receiyed a shot in my shoulder, which disabled me from using my firelock; and what is more provoking, it was at the beginning of the action, and I had only fired three times; and so being of no farther use, I was sent back to the hospital, and I saw no more of the battle, which I should have been glad to describe to your ladyship, if I had remained."

"You were long recovering of this last wound?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Very long, please your ladyship, for the bone was hurt; I was sent home, and recommended to Chelsea, which I obtained, and am an out-pensioner; but although I suffered a good deal for several months at first, yet, thank God, I at last, had some intervals of ease, and there was not a great deal of pain, except when a little bit of bone was about to throw off—Now, it seldom troubles me; but although I have not all the use of my arm, I could still make a shift to draw a trigger against the French or Spaniards, if there was occasion."

"Have you nothing to maintain you and your wife, but the small pension from the hospital?" said Mrs. Barnet.
"O! yes," answered the soldier; I can do a little work as a gardener, to which I was originally bred, that is, when my shoulder is not very painful; and my wife is a very careful and industrious woman, and still able to gain

a little also, and so we have great reason to be thankful, being by the king's bounty and goodness, enabled not only to maintain ourselves, but also to entertain a friend sometimes, which I confess, we are just doing now; for as your ladyship knows life is but a roughish journey, at best, so Margery and I love to strew the way over with flowers, as the song goes."

" And pray," said Mrs. Barnet, smiling, what kind of flowers were you strewing just now?"

" Anon?" cried the soldier; not quite understanding the question.

" May I ask," resumed Mrs Barnet, " what the present entertainment with which you regale your friend, consists of?"

" It consists," replied the soldier, " of a loaf of very good brown bread, an excellent Suffolk cheese, and a can of gin and water." Would to the Lord, that every worthy honest heart in this wide world, were as well provided for!"

" I am sure," said Mrs. Barnet, with a smile of benevolence to the soldier, " that a heart so easily satisfied as your's, ought not to know want."

" I hardly ever did, Madam," said he, " particularly since we settled at this place, for we have our hut for almost nothing; bread, cheese, and small-beer, are

tolerably cheap, and the gin is excellent : if your ladyship has occasion for any, I can recommend that of the Hog in Armour on this heath, for as wholesome Hollands as any in England."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mrs. Bagnet, laughing ; "but pray what company have you with you ? you seemed very happy and merry when I came."

"We have no other company, please your ladyship," replied the pensioner, "but a poor soldier, who I happened to meet on the road ; poor fellow, he seemed faint with the heat, and the weight of his knapsack ; and so, as it was just about the time of our dinner, I invited him to share with Margery and me : we all fell to accordingly, and I doubt if many people have made a better dinner than the soldier and I ; for we were both very hungry, and as I said before, every thing was good of its kind ; as for Margery, she eats no great matter, and hardly ever takes above one draught of gin and water ; but I confess the stranger and I were beginning to get a little merry, when your ladyship arrived."





THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

PRATT.

IN the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair, which we shail pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves and were suffered to play, and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a *Bird-catcher*, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this *Bird-catcher's* fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity, a curiosity indeed in which every body participated: for all that we have heard or seen of *learned-pigs*, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to

be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this Bird-catcher's *Canary*. The *Canary* was produced, and the owner harrangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his fore-finger, *Bijou*, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honor: take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels: beware their withering: in a word, deport yourself like the *bijou*—the jewel—of the *Canary* Birds, as you certainly are. All this time the Bird seemed to listen, and indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice, when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them. That's good, said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now, then, let us see if you are a *Canary* of honor. Give us a tune:—the *Canary* sung. Pshaw! that's too harsh: 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic. The *Canary* whistled as if his little throat was changed to a lute. Faster, says the man—lower—very well—what a plague is this foot about, and this little head?—No wonder you are out, Mr. *Bijou*, when you forget your time. That's a jewel—*bravo!* *bravo!* my little man! All that he was ordered, or reminded of, did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and “the sound was a just echo to the sense” according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as if *ought* to be) of musical composition—*bravo!* *bravo!* re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room.

The musicians declared the Canary was a greater master of music than any of their band. And do you not shew your sense of this civility, Sir? cried the Bird-catcher with an angry air. The Canary bow'd most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, my poor *bijou*, says the owner, thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a curtesy. The bird here crossed his taper legs, and funk, and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription-assembly *belles* to the blush. That's my fine bird!—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding. Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up. The activity, glee, spirit, accuracy, with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause, (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as with their clappings,) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and caroled an *Io pean* that sounded like the conscious notes of victory. Thou hast done all my biddings bravely, said the master, careffing his feathered servant; now then take a nap, while I take thy place. Hereupon the Canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the poppied-god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and just as those hands approached his

feathers, suddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other ; at length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture ; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honor to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, in the progress of taking which he was interrupted by the Canary-bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to shew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *fort* of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he smoked with another ; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, an huge **BLACK CAT**, who had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner sprung upon the table, seized the poor Canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit ; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awakened pity in a *misanthrope*. He spread himself half length over the table, and mourned his Canary-bird with the most undismayed sorrow. " Well may I grieve for thee; my poor little thing : well may I grieve : more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my

happiness ; without thee, what will become of me ? Thou it was that didst ensure my welcome in the best companies. It was thy genius only made me welcome. Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity : had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger or lulled on my breast, at this moment ! But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house ! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee ! Accursed be *myself*, for I contributed, I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic. O *Bijou* ! my dearest, only *Bijou* ! would I were dead also ! ”

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn Bird-catcher ; whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, “as in scorn,” and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his Canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were now much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness ; when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe, that every one of the company sympathized with him. But none more than the band of *musicians*, who, being engaged in a pro-

fection that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress o the poor Bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and, after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the Bird-man, the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated ; for it contained the canary-feed, the food of the “ dear lost companion of his heart.” There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow ; he threw down the contribution-money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the feed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming, “ No, poor *Bijou*! no,—thou can’t not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding place so many years :—thou can’t not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold thou hadst deserved it.”—It shall be *filled*—and with gold, said the master of the house, if I could afford it. The good man rose from his seat, which had been long uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver ; saying as he handed it to his nearest neighbour, who will refuse to follow my example ? It is not a subscription for mere

charity ; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world ; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude, was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow ; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue, and—Ought to be rewarded—said his next neighbour; putting into the bag his quota. It is superfluous to tell you, that after the seed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man's sight, every body most cheerfully contributed to make up a purse, to repair, as much as money could, the Bird-man's loss. The last person applied to was a very beautiful *German* young lady, who, as she placed her bounty into the bag, closed it immediately after, and blushed. As there are all sorts of blushes (at least one to every action of our lives that is worth any characteristic feeling, supposing the actor can feel at all) *Suspicion* would have thought this young lady, who was so anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing ; but *Candour*, who reasons in a different manner, would suppose what was really the case—that it was a blush not of avarice or deception, but of benevolence, graced with modesty. *Curiosity*, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, amongst which were a *golden ducat*, that, by its date and brightness, had been hoarded. Ah ! ah ! said *Curiosity*, who does this belong to, I wonder ? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honest in one point ; since they all in the moment of attack, by some means or other, discover what they wish to conceal. There was not in the then large company a single person, who could

not have exclaimed to this young lady, with assurance of the truth—*Thou art the Woman!* There was no denying the fact ; it was written on every feature of her enchanting face. She struggled, however, with the accusation almost to tears, but they were such tears as would have given lustre to the finest eyes in the world ; for they gave lustre to her's, and would have added effulgence to a ray of the sun. Well, then, if nobody else will own this neglected ducat, said the master of the house, who was uncle to the lady above-mentioned, I will : whereupon he took it from the heap, exchanged it for two others, which enriched the collection. While the busines of the heart was thus carrying on, the poor Bird-man, who was the occasion and object of it, was at first divided by contrary emotions of pain and pleasure : his eye sometimes directed to the maffacred Canary, sometimes to the company ; at length generosity proved the stronger emotion, and grief ebbed away. He had lost a bird, but had gained the good-will of humane beings. The bird, it was true, was his pride and support, but this was not the crisis any longer to bewail his fate. He accepted the contribution-purse, by one means or other filled like the sack of *Benjamin*, even to the brim, and bowed, but spoke not ; then folding up the corpse of the Canary in its wool and cotton shroud, departed with one of those looks, that the moment it is seen it is felt and understood ; but for which, being too powerful for description, no language has yet been provided. On going out he beckoned the musicians to follow. They did so, striking a few chords that would have graced the funeral of Juliet. The very soul of the

English gentleman pursued the sounds, and so did his feet. He hastened to the outer door, and saw the Bird-man contending about returning the money, which the founders of the benevolence—for such were the musicians—had subscribed. On his coming down to breakfast the next morning, he saw the footman departing with *the cat who killed the bird*, “not” said his master, “to put her to death for an act that was natural to her; but to put her where I know she will be out of my sight; for I never could look on her again without being reminded of their most uncomfortable part of yesterday’s adventure: Poor Bijou! I have not a doubt but all we have done atones but feantly for the loss of such a friend. Just as he said this, the niece, whose person and mind I have already particularized, came into the breakfast-room: And now, said the old gentleman, to finish the business: look ye, Henrietta, I gave you this new ducat to lay out at the fair, in any manner you liked best; and though I think the way in which you disposed of it the very best you could have chosen—nay, no more blushing—I think it never ought to go out of our family; for do you know that I have taken it into my superstitious old head, that the blessing of the giver of *all* good will stay with us while such a ducat remains amongst us. I therefore bought it back cheaply with two others. Age is superstitious, you know, my dear. Indulge me then, love, and take care of it while I live, after which it shall be your’s:—and in the mean time, that you may not lose your fairing, in this little purse are ten others, that, though not so distinguished by what, to my old heart, is more precious than the gold of *Ophir*, may serve well enough the common

purposes of life." Much of this was spoken with tender difficulty, and the gift was received with more: but she, loved the hand which in the first instance had enabled her to be generous, too well not to reward it. Was not this indeed an illustration of the virtue of the man of Ross, who, "did good, yet blushed to find it fame?"



THE STROLLING PLAYER.

GOLDSMITH.

I AM fond of amusement in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed, seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite, than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon, sir," cried I, "but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to

me." "Yes, sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-shew. Last Bartholomew fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion makers in Rosemary-lane, and I to starve in St. James's Park."

"I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties." "O sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: If I had twenty thousand a year, I should be merry; and, thank the fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have three pence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three half-pence; and, if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expence for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse; and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a smoking stake spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like

this dinner, sir," says he, " for three reasons : first, because I am naturally fond of beef ; secondly, because I am hungry ; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing : no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough ; " and yet, sir," returns he, " bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite ! We beggars are the very fondlings of nature; the rich the treats like an arrant step-mother ; they are pleased with nothing ; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough ; dress it up with pickles,—even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar : Calvert's butt out-tastes champaigne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood ; though our estates lie no where, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content ; I have no lands there : if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness ; I am no Jew." The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances ; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire.— " That I will, sir," said he, " and welcome ; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping ; let us have another tankard, while we are awake ; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full !"

“ You must know, then, that I am very well descended ; my ancestors have made some noise in the world ; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum : I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectful a genealogy : but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music ; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also ; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman ; besides, I was obliged to obey my captain ; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours : now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

“ The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the spleen. I asked leave to quit the service ; but as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge ; but the good man was fond of drinking as I was (Sir, my service to you) and those who are

fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges ; in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done ? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way ; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and it answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

“ Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment ; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance ; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off ; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions, and whose son I was ; from whence I came, and whether I would be faithful ? I answered him greatly to his satisfaction ; and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety, (Sir, I have the honour of drinking your health,) discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months ; we did not much like each other ; I was fond eating, and he gave me but little to eat ; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them,

I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder: I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way, was sure to disappear; in short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and six-pence for two months wages.

“ While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure; two hens were hatching in an out-house, I went and took the eggs, and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money; and with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house, when I heard behind me the cry stop thief! but this only increased my dispatch; it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed those two months at the curate’s without drinking; come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life.

“ Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon, but a company of strolling players. The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them; I had a sort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order; they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way;

I offered my assistance, which they accepted ; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me ; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirables, I thought I had never lived till then ; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them ; I was a very good figure, as you see ; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

“ I love a straggling life above all things in the world ; sometimes good, sometimes bad : to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow ; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenderden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane ; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before ; and I was to snuff the candles : all excellent in our way. We had figures enow, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio ; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet’s petticoat and pall : a pestle and mortar from a neighbouring apothecary’s, answered all the purposes of a bell ; and our landlord’s own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed.

with any propriety : I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction : the whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

“ There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success ; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to see : natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it ; but being high in a part, resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, flap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness : that is the way to work for applause : that is the way to gain it.

“ As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of this success to myself ; I snuffed the candles, and, let me tell you, that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses ; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when behold one of our principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thun-

der to our little company : they were resolved to go in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive : I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate ; they accepted my offer ; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me, (Sir, your health,) and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

“ I found my memory excessively helped by drinking : I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. Let the sick man, said I, be under no uneasiness to get well again ; I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction ; he may even die if he thinks proper ; I'll engage that he shall never be missed. I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. Gentleman, said I, addressing our company, I don't pretend to direct you ; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude : you have published my name in the bills with the utmost good nature ; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without

me: so, gentleman, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off: I'll brandish my snuffers, and clip candles as usual. This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that is was impossible to refuse it; it was irresistible, it was adamant: they consented, and I went on in king Bajazet; my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captiv'd arms I brandished a jack-chair.

" NATURE seem'd to have fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it; Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he: but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance; in general I kept my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at Drury-lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: in short, I came off like a prodigy; and, such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success; one praised my voice, another my person. Upon my word, says the squire's lady, he will make one of the finest actors in Europe; I say it,

and I think I am something of a judge.—Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time; we obeyed; and I was applauded even more than before.

“ At last we left town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenderden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, Sir. We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out; I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero!—Such is the world; little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject; something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

“ The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor in Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me

once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

“ There was there a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; every body praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform: she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences: she was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury-lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general’s truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff: the lady was solemn, and so were the rest: I broke my cudgel on alderman Smuggler’s back; still gloomy, melancholy all, the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders: I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the

devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy : I found it wou'd not do ; all my good-humour now became forced ; my laughter was converted into hysterick grinning ; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye shewed the agony of my heart : in short, the lady came, with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was ; my fame expired ; I am here ; and (the tankard is no more !")



THE SEASONS.

MELMOTH

AMONG the great blessings and wonders of the creation, may be classed the regularities of times and seasons. Immediately after the flood, the sacred promise was made to man ; that seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, should continue to the very end of all things. Accordingly, in obedience to that promise, the rotation is constantly presenting us with some useful and agreeable alteration ; and all the pleasing novelty of life arises from these natural changes : nor are we less indebted to them for its solid comforts. It has been frequently the task of the moralist and poet, to mark, in polished periods, the particular charms and conveniences of every change ; and, indeed, such descri-

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minate observations upon natural variety, cannot be undelightful; since the blessing, which every month brings along with it, is a fresh instance of the wisdom and bounty of that Providence, which regulates the glories of the year. We glow as we contemplate; we feel a propensity to adore, whilst we enjoy. In the time of seed-sowing, it is the season of *confidence*: the grain which the husbandman trusts to the bosom of the earth shall, haply, yield its seven-fold rewards. Spring presents us with a scene of lively *expectation*. That which was before sown begins now to discover signs of successful vegetation. The laborer observes the change, and anticipates the harvest: he watches the progress of nature, and smiles at her influence; while the man of contemplation walks forth with the evening, amidst the fragrance of flowers, and promises of plenty; nor returns to his cottage till darkness closes the scene upon his eye. Then cometh harvest, when the large wish is satisfied and the granaries of nature are loaded with means of life, even to a luxury of abundance. The powers of language are unequal to the description of this happy season. It is the carnival of nature: sun and shade, coolness and quietude, cheerfulness and melody, love and gratitude, unite to render every scene of summer delightful.—The division of light and darkness is one of the kindest efforts of Omnipotent Wisdom. Day and night yield us contrary blessings; and at the same time, assist each other, by giving fresh lustre to the delights of both. Amidst the glare of day, and bustle of life, how could we sleep? Amidst the gloom of darkness, how could we labor?

How wise, how benignant, then, is the proper division! The hours of light are adapted to activity; and those of darkness, to rest. Ere the day is passed, exercise and nature prepare us for the pillow; and by the time that the morning returns, we are again able to meet it with a smile. Thus, every season has a charm peculiar to itself; and every moment affords some interesting innovation.



THE FOLLY OF INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

BARBAULD.

THIS world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities; riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject; but stand to your own judgement; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous ex-

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ertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so, from the lowest beginnings, by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expence and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and losiy notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as soon as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left—"But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot

construe the motto of the arms of his coach, shall raise a fortune, and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life?" Was it in order to raise a fortune, that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. "What reward have I then for all my labors?" What reward! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fear, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good Heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it? and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, "I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better: I have chosen my lot: I am content and satisfied."

You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and to be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience, and strict regard to the rules of morality, makes him fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. " Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferments." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, found at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unfulfilled whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity,

Pure in the last recesses of the mind; if you think these advantages an inadequate recompence for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a director, or—what you please.

ON SOLITUDE.

ZIMMERMAN.

AT the village of Richterswyl, situated a few leagues from Zurich, and surrounded by every object the most smiling, beautiful, and romantic that Switzerland presents, dwells a celebrated Physician. His soul, like the scenery of nature which surrounds him, is tranquil and sublime. His habitation is the temple of health, of friendship, and of every peaceful virtue. The village rises on the borders of the Lake, at a place where two projecting points form a fine bay of nearly half a league. On the opposite shores, the Lake, which is not quite a league in extent, is enclosed from the north to the east by pleasant hills covered with vineyards, intermixed with fertile meadows, orchards, fields, groves, and thickets, with little hamlets, churches, villas, and cottages scattered up and down the scene. A wide and magnificent amphitheatre, which no artist has yet attempted to paint except in detached scenes, opens itself from the east to the south. The view towards the higher part of the Lake, which on this side is four leagues long, presents to the eye jutting points of land, detached ayes, the little town of Rapperschwyl,

built on the side of a hill, and a bridge which reaches from one side of the Lake to the other. Beyond the town the inexhaustible valley extends itself in a half circle to the right ; and upon the fore-ground rises a peak of land which swells as it extends into beautiful hills. Behind them, the distance of about half a league, is a range of mountains covered with trees and verdure, and interspersed with villages and detached houses ; beyond which, at a still greater distance, are discovered the fertile and majestic Alps twisted one among the other, and exhibiting, alternately, shades of the lightest and darkest azure ; and in the back ground, high rocks covered with eternal snows lift their towering heads and touch the skies. On the south side of this rich, enchanting, and incomparable scene the amphitheatre is extended by another range of mountains reaching towards the west ; and at the feet of these mountains, on the borders of the Lake, lies the village of Richterswyl, surrounded by rich fallows and fertile pastures, and overhung by forests of firs. The streets of the village, which in itself is extremely clean, are neatly paved, and the houses, which are mostly built of stone, are painted on the outside. Pleasant walks are formed along the banks of the Lake, and lead quite round the town through groves of fruit-trees and shady forests up to the very summits of the hills. The traveller, struck with the sublime and beautiful scenery that every where surrounds him, stops to contemplate with eager curiosity the increasing beauties which ravish his sight ; and while his bosom swells with excess of pleasure, his suspended breath bespeaks his fear of interrupting the fulness of his delight. Every acre of this charming country is in the

highest state of cultivation and improvement. Every hand is at work ; and men, women, and children, of every age and of every description, are all usefully employed.

The two houses of the Physician are each of them surrounded by a garden, and, although situated in the centre of the village, are as rurally sequestered as if they had been built in the bosom of the country. Through the gardens, and close beneath the chamber of my valued friend, runs a pure and limpid stream, the opposite side of which, at an agreeable distance, is the high road ; where, almost daily, numbers of pilgrims successively pass in their way to the Hermitage. From the windows of these houses, and from every part of the gardens, you behold, towards the south, at the distance of about a league the majestic EZELBERG rear its lofty head, which is concealed in forests of deep green firs, while on its declivity hangs a neat little village, with a handsome church, upon the steeple of which the sun suspends his departing rays, and shews its career is nearly finished. In the front is the Lake of ZURICH, whose peaceful water is secured from the violence of tempests, and whose transparent surface reflects the beauties of its delightful banks.

DURING the silence of night, if you repair to the chamber windows of this enchanting mansion, or walk through its gardens to taste the exhaling fragrance of the shrubs and flowers, while the moon, rising in unclouded majesty over the summit of the mountains, reflects on the

smooth surface of the water a broad beam of light, you hear, during this awful sleep of nature, the sound of the village clocks echoing from the opposite shores, and, on the RICHTERSWYL side, the shrill proclamation of the watchmen, blended occasionally with the barkings of the faithful house-dog. At a distance you hear the little boats gliding gently along the stream, dividing the water with their oars, and perceive them, as they cross the moon's translucent beam, playing among the sparkling waves.

RICHES and LUXURY are no where to be seen in the happy habitation of this wise philanthropist. His chairs are made of straw; his tables are worked from the wood of the country; and the plates and dishes on which he entertains his friends are all of earthen ware. neatness and convenience reign throughout. Drawings, paintings, and engravings, of which he has a large well chosen collection, are his sole expence. The earliest beams of Aurora light the humble apartment where this philosophick sage sleeps in undisturbed repose, and wake him to new enjoyments every day. As he rises frm his bed, the cooing of the turtle-doves and the morning songs of various kinds of birds who make their nightly nests in an adjoining aviary, salute his ear and welcome his approach. The first hour of the morning and the last at night are sacred to himself; but he devotes all the intermediate hours of every day to a sick and afflicted multitude, who daily attend him for advice and assistance: The benevolent exercise of his professional skill indeed engrosses almost every moment of his life, but it constitutes his highest happiness and joy. The inhabitants of the mountains of SWISSERLAND and

of the Alps flock to his house, and endeavour in vain to find language capable of expressing to him the grateful feelings of their hearts for the favours they receive from him. Convinc'd of his affection, satisfied of his medical skill, and believing that THE GOOD DOCTOR is equally well acquainted with every subject, they listen with the deepest attention to his words, answer all his inquiries without the least hesitation or reserve, treasure up his advice and counsel with more solicitude than if they were grains of gold, and depart from his presence with more regret, comfort, hope, resignation, and virtuous feelings, than if they had quitted their Confessor at the Hermitage. It may perhaps be conceived that, after a day spent in this manner, the happiness which this friend to mankind must feel, cannot in any degree be increased? But, when a simple, innocent, and ingenuous country girl, whose mind had been almost distracted by the fear of losing her beloved husband, enters his study, and seizing him with transport by the hand, joyfully exclaims, "Oh! Sir, my dear husband, ill as he was only two days since, is now quite recovered. Oh! my dear Sir, how, how shall I thank you!" This philanthropic character feels that transcending felicity which ought to fill the bosom of a monarch in rendering happiness to his people.

Of this description is the country of Switzerland, where Doctor Hotae, the ablest physician of the present age, resides; a physician and philosopher, whose variety of knowledge, profound judgment, and great experience, have raised him to an equal eminence with Tiffot and

Hirtzel, the dearest friends of my heart. It is in this manner that he passes the hours of his life, with uniformity and happiness. Surrounded, except during the two hours I have already mentioned, by a crowd of unfortunate fellow-creatures, who look up to him for relief, his mind, active and full of vigour, never knows repose; but his labours are richly rewarded by the high and refined felicity which fills his heart. Palaces, alas! seldom contain such characters. Individuals, however, of every description may cultivate and enjoy an equal degree of felicity, although they do not reside among scenes so delightful as those which surround my beloved Hotze at Richterswyl, as those of the convent of Capuchins near Albano, or as those which surround the rural retreat of my Sovereign George the Third at Windsor.

Content can only be found in the tranquillity of the heart; and, in solitude, the bosom gladly opens to receive this wished-for inmate, and to welcome its attendant virtues. While nature smiles around us decorated in all its beauties, the heart expands to the cheering scene; every object appears in the most favourable and pleasing point of view; our souls overflow with kind affections; the antipathies created by the ingratitude of the world instantly vanish; we even forget the vain, the wicked, the profligate characters with whom we were mixed; and being perfectly at peace with ourselves, we feel ourselves at peace with all mankind. But in society the rancorous contentions which jarring interests daily create; the heavy yoke which subordination is continually imposing; "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," and the shocks which reason

and good sense hourly receive from fools in power and insolent superiors, spread torrents of misery over human life, embitter the happiness of their more worthy though inferior fellow-creatures, poison all pleasure, break through social order, spread thorns in the paths of virtue, and render the world a vale of tears.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP ; OR THE GENEROUS POLANDERS.

*One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend ;
My life's companion, and my bosom friend.*

DRYD. VIRG.

ADVERSITY alone is able to shew how rare and how valuable a treasure is a real friend ; there is nothing more common than the appellation, but I fear it is little better than an abstracted idea, since we find those adopt it who gave no regard to what the profession exacts, and make use of the sacred title to cloak their villainies and prey upon the credulous. It is true, that former ages have furnished us with some examples of real friendship ; they are indeed but few ; and they are admired even in the present age, which I believe cannot produce one.

The history of Poland gives us a beautiful proof of the power of this generous, disinterested, and virtuous passion, in the following story.

Octavius and Leobellus, two young gentlemen of Lithuania, were bred together from their childhood; and their fathers being near neighbours in Wilna, the capital of that dutchy, these two were inseparable companions. This occasioned a similitude of mind, and by this uninterrupted conversation, they seemed to have but one will, or to be two bodies actuated by one soul. As they grew up, this friendship became more conspicuous, and reason succeeding to strengthen their inclination, they were shewn as a pattern of virtuous amity.

While they were at the university, Octavius fell in love with, and made his addresses to Paulina; though this beautiful and virtuous lady was a match which Octavius, if he had consulted his reason, could not aspire to with any hopes of success, there being a great disproportion of fortune between them, and therefore in prudence ought to have stifled his passion in it's birth; yet as we flatter ourselves in what we wish, and love blinds us to all obstacles, Octavius saw no difficulties but what he hoped to get over, could he engage the affections of the young lady. At the same time, Gelasius, a young nobleman, whose birth and fortune were greatly superior to Octavius, was recommended to the relations of Paulina as a suitable match. The proposal was readily embraced by them, and he was admitted publicly. This seemed an insuperable difficulty for Octavius, but it proved to his advan-

age, with regard to the young lady, who could not bear with the haughtiness of a lover who seemed to think he rather did than received honor in his addresses ; and this pride of his was set in a stronger light, by the respectful deference Octavius paid her, who gained the lady's heart, whilst the other caused her aversion. Gelasius, piqued to find a cold return, imagined he had a secret rival, and soon discovered that Octavius was the man ; he immediately took fire, and threatened him with the effects of his resentment if he did not desist. Octavius made flight of his menaces, and only answered, that as he was a gentleman, he did not think he was guilty of any vanity in pretending to a lady, though every way his superior : that before marriage, inclination was free, and if his services could engage that of Paulina, it was not his resentment should make him desist ; but if Gelasius should be happy enough to obtain her hand, he would then endeavour to remove her from his heart.

Gelasius hereupon employed the authority of Paulina's parents, who forbade her all farther conversation with Octavius, and commanded her to look on Gelasius as a husband they designed her, and a nobleman whose alliance did them honor. This had such an effect on Paulina against a lover, who instead of shewing a distant respect, began to impose on her the imperious laws of a husband, that she avoided his sight as much as possible, and left no means untried to converse with Octavius.

Gelasius, perceiving the young lady's aversion to him rather augment than abate, resolved to remove his

rival ; he set spies upon him, by whom he discovered that he often entertained Paulina at her window, when the rest of the family were in bed. Enraged at this, he takes a friend with him, called Megasius, and a servant on whose courage and fidelity he relied, and lay in ambush for Octavius near Paulina's house. He had not been long hid when Octavius came, accompanied with his friend Leobellus ; having given the signal, Paulina came to the window, and Leobellus went off some little distance, to give them the liberty of unbofoming themselves to each other.

Gelasius, enraged at the sight, resolved to sacrifice his rival, and ordered the servant to attack Leobellus, while he and Megasius chastised the insolence of Octavius. The servant fell with great resolution upon Leobellus, who received him with no less courage, and at the second pass laid him for dead ; being here disengaged, he ran to the assistance of his friend, who, with his back to the wall, maintained an unequal fight. Leobellus, grown furious with the danger of his friend, at the first thrust laid Gelasius dead at his feet, and turned upon Megasius, gave him a flight wound in the arm, upon which he ran away. Leobellus received no hurt ; but Octavius was wounded in a desperate manner.

The clashing of the swords brought the neighbours into the street, who found Gelasius dead, his servant fetching the last gasp, and Leobellus supporting his friend, who desired to be taken to a surgeon, where he was dressed and put to bed. Megasius, in the interim, having

given an account of the misfortune to the relations of Gelasius, in terms greatly to his advantage, laying his death to the treachery of the two friends, who had assaulted him in the dark and unawares, they immediately had recourse to the magistrates, who ordered the supposed murderers to be seized and imprisoned. Octavius was taken, and, notwithstanding the condition he was in, carried to jail. Leobellus made his escape, and lay concealed, hoping to prove both his friend's and his own innocence; but the relations of Gelasius had so great interest in Wilna, that Octavius was tried a few days after, and on the single evidence of Megasius, condemned to lose his head.

Accordingly he was led to the scaffold, and the executioner was upon the point of doing his office, when Leobellus, making way through the crowd, cried out to him to hold his hand, lest the innocent suffered for the guilty; for he was the only author of the death of Gelasius and of his servant; and mounting the scaffold, with an undaunted countenance, he declared the whole matter as it had passed to the magistrates, who were present to see the execution, and entirely cleared his friend, whom he required might be released, since he was ready to satisfy the laws by laying down his life. The populace, touched with this generous action, began to cry pardon, pardon, and to threaten the magistrates in a mutinous manner if they proceeded: this obliged them to carry back the two friends to the hall, and rehear the cause.

The palatine of Wilna, being informed of what had passed, would be present at this rehearing, and found the two friends generously contesting which should die to save the other. He examined every circumstance to the bottom, and heard with pleasure and surprize Leobellus plead for his friend's discharge. It is, said he, evident that I alone ought to suffer death, since I alone am guilty, if a man can be so termed who kills another in defence of his own life and of his friend, unjustly and basely attacked. So far, replied the palatine, am I from esteeming you guilty, that I cannot but term what you have done a glorious action, which exacts the praise of all who have a just and generous way of thinking; I therefore not only acquit you both, but condemn Megafius to lose his head for his treachery and perjury; and request as a favor to be admitted the third in your friendship. Megafius however escaped, by the intercession of powerful friends.

The palatine, not satisfied with this act of justice, by his interest with Paulina's parents, procured Octavius the happiness he had long sighed for; married Leobellus to a relation of his own, and recommending them to the king of Poland, procured them very honorable posts at court.





HONESTY.



A Hawker came into the court-yard with two horses which were heavily laden: The ladies were inclined to have him sent away: He enquired however for Madam de Ferval, and begged that he might be permitted to speak with her. She at first refused, thinking that he only wanted to dispose of some of his goods, but he earnestly repeating his request, was admitted. The Hawker, who was a well-looking man, about thirty years of age, bowed to the Lady with great respect and a sort of diffidence. What do you want with me, friend? said the Lady. He stutters, his speech fails him, he offers his purse. At length recovering a little—Here, Madam, says he, here is my purse, which I ought to have brought you before; it contains seven thousand livres.

Why is this money brought to me?

It is your's, Madam: It belongs to you: It is really your's.

Mine?

Yes, you know it very well. It is not my fault indeed that you have not had it before.

You are certainly, mistaken my friend : I have lost nothing, nothing has been stolen from me, and if this is a restitution——

No, no, no, Madam, you lent it to me yourself. You know, you must remember.

I don't understand your meaning : You certainly take me for another person.

Oh ! Madam ! can I possibly mistake Madam de Ferval ? His eyes were brim-full of tears, and he continued to offer her the purse in the most earnest manner.

I cannot receive this money, my friend ; it does not belong to me.

Ah ! Madam ! I see you don't recollect me ? I see it well ; you have forgot little Jacob, that poor orphan who used to carry a little box,—who used to bring you some pins.

Is it possible ! Are you the same child ?

I am indeed, Madam : That louis d'or which you lent me eighteen years ago——

What of it ?

It has made my fortune, Madam I have worked hard ; I have taken a great deal of pains ; but I have at

last got together some money by means of those four-and-twenty livres, which were at first my only principal.

And pray tell me what may your gains have been?

Fourteen thousand livres; for indeed, Madam, I have been very exact. There are seven thousand in the purse. I have always kept my accounts very carefully; and have always calculated your share of the profit separate.

My share of the profit!

Yes to be sure, Madam, for that was our first bargain.

What bargain?

You have not surely forgot, Madam, that one day after you had examined my little box—

Now I recollect the little box, said she, smiling; there was not a crown's worth of goods in it, and nothing could be more neatly and cleanly disposed.

You asked me how I should be able to get my living at that trade? That question drew tears from you apace; I remember it well. You should also remember, Madam, that I then told you, that for want of money I should never, perhaps, be able to do any thing.

You then explained to me your little scheme of trade, which I thought to be sensible and well planned.

You were then kind enough to ask me, Madam, how much money I should want to push myself on in an easy kind of way.

I believe you told me twelve livres :—Yes, it was twelve livres : That was a striking circumstance.

Alas ! how great a sum was twelve livres to me at that time ! You gave me a louis d'or, upon condition that you should halve my profits.

Wonderful honesty ! What, my good Friend, did you really imagine—

To be sure I did, Madam ; I should have been a dishonest man if I had not made a faithful division. I have brought you my accounts ; they are right to a penny.

The surprize, the astonishment, the joy of Mad. de Ferval hindered her from speaking. The Hawker unites the purse, empties it on the table, and begins to count the gold. Mad. de Ferval rises and prevents him. Keep, my friend, keep your purse, you have gained it too honestly,

No, Madam, it is yours, it belongs not to me.

Take it back, my good friend. Ah ? said she, looking at us, can there be a more lively pleasure than that which I now experience ! How little it has cost me to procure it !

Tears flowed from us all; but the good man himself was in a situation hardly to be expressed. He cried, he trembled, he could not speak, and continually expressed, by signs, that the money must be given to Mad. de Ferval. I was afraid, he cried out at last, I was afraid, that you would suspect me of having cheated you by staying away so long. I came but yesterday into this part of the country; I went directly to your house, Madam, and was informed of your being here.

How much it rejoices me to see you return happy and honest. My dear Jacob (for I do not know you by any other name) God has blessed you, and you deserve it. I thank heaven for having made me instrumental in procuring your good fortune. Continue your trade, and do not fail to acquaint me with your success.

But the money, Madam?

I have already told you it does not belong to me.

But consider, the bargain, Madam.

The bargain was only intended as a spur to your diligence and activity. Take the purse back again, I desire you.

You mean then to make me a present of it, Madam?

It is not a present.

I cannot think of accepting it on any other footing.

Well, good friend, it shall be just what you please.

Indeed, Madam, you are too good; and I accept of this money with a great deal of gratitude. But indeed it gave me great pleasure to bring it you: At last, added he, I hope you will permit these ladies to chuse among my goods whatever they like, some trinkets, some—

No, no, said the young ladies, we are much obliged to you, my good friend; but we should be very sorry—

O Madam, said the poor man sorrowfully, would you deny me the honor?

No, my friend, my daughter will take none of your trinkets, but bring some of your ribbons. My children said she to them, chuse each of you a set of ribbons.

Jacob immediately ordered his boxes to be brought in; would have the ladies take every thing that is in them; he displays all his goods with more eagerness and diligence, than if he had wanted to sell them. The confusion of the ladies was also delightful: they are so much afraid of injuring the honest man, and at the same time so cautious of distressing him by their refusals, that they are at a loss what to chuse. At length, however, he obliges them to accept some pompoons, and some ribbons. Gentleman and ladies, he said to us, is there nothing else in my collection which can possibly

tempt you? If I dared—We all of us took some trifles or other. He went away filled with joy and gratitude, and bestowing a thousand blessings on Madam de Ferval and all the family.



THE GHOST.

A FEW years ago a woman who rented a snug house in Dublin, alarmed the neighbourhood with a strange story of a *ghost*, dressed as a female, in black robes, that opened the curtains of her bed, surrounded with an illumination like lightning, and with a countenance laboring under some heavy burthen, beckoned the women to follow her. The person haunted called in two of her relations to sleep with her the next night, but they were equally frightened with groans and an uncommon noise and left the house the next day.

The occupier of the house persisted that she was not only haunted but threatened by the *ghost*, and to this she made the most solemn oaths, and accordingly took lodgings in a neighbouring street.

The story having gone abroad, hundreds were daily drawn by curiosity into the street where the *haunted house* was, and it becoming the subject of conversation

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every where, Mr. Nolan, so well known for his poetical and political abilities, took up a sporting bet, that he would suffer himself to be locked up in the house one whole night, without the company of any human being.

About nine o'clock he went, and was shut in ; but for the sake of defence against any improper practice, he took with him a dog, and a case of loaded pistols, and was not released till six o'clock next morning, when he was found by his companions fast asleep.

The following elegant stanzas will best shew the situation of his mind during the time of his *vigil*. Suffice it to say he saw no *ghost* tho' he heard a great deal of noise, and loudly threatened to shoot the first who should approach, whether of this world or the other. *The discreet ghost* desisted, and the people in the neighbourhood got rid of their fears.

SANZAS WRITTEN IN THE HAUNTED ROOM.

If from the cerements of the silent dead
Our long departed friends could rise anew,
Why feel a horror, or conceive a dread
To see again those friends whom once we knew?
Father of all ! thou gav'st not to our ken
To view beyond the borders of the grave ;
'Tis not the idle tales of idle men
That can the mind appal, the truly brave
Firmly on Reason's adamantine throne,
Can place the soul, and, fear no ills unknown.

O ! if the flinty prison of the grave
Could loose its doors and let the spirit flee ;
Why not return the wife, the just, the brave,
And set once more the pride of ages free ?
Why not restore a Socrates again ?
Or give us Newton as the first of men ?

In this lone room, where patient now I wait,
To try if souls departed can appear ;
O ! could a Burgh escape his prison gate,
Or could I think Latouche's form was near ;
Why fear to view the shades which long must be
Sacred to freedom and to charity ?

A little onward in the path of life,
And all must stretch in death this mortal frame,
A few short struggles end the weary strife,
And blot the frail memorial of our name,
Torn from the promontory's lofty brow,
In time the rooted oak itself lies low.

ANECDOTE OF A PHILANTROPIST.

NO object can be more pleasing to a virtuous mind, than to behold a well directed benevolence productive of a grateful and happy heart ; while the smiling scenes of cultivation and society succeed to the solitary wastes of savage nature.

Mr. Wood, a free merchant of Decca, coming thence to Calcutta, where the Ganegs flows thro' vast tracks of uncultivated and marshy woods, which render the navigation peculiarly difficult and dangerous, happened to fall in with a poor native wood-cutter. In the course of conversation, the latter said, if he had but 50 rupees (*i.e. 5l.*) he could make a comfortable settlement. The fifty rupees Mr. Wood lent him. When this worthy man, after staying some time at Calcutta, returned to Decca, he saw the pleasing effects of his bounty in an advanced settlement, on a small eminence newly cleared from standing trees. Unsolicited, he lent the wood-cutter fifty rupees more. The next voyage Mr. Wood was delighted, to behold the rapid progress of the settlement, and astonished to meet the wood-cutter offering to pay half the small, but generous loan. Mr. Wood refused to receive it at that time, and lent him a hundred rupees more.

About eighteen months after the commencement of the settlement, he had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing his industrious wood-cutter at the head of five populous villages, and a spacious tract of fine land under cultivation, and drained and cleared of swamps and woods.

The wood-cutter now repaid the principal he had borrowed, and tendered the interest while tears of gratitude and humble affection stole down his venerable, his happy and expressive countenance. But how inexpressible the feelings of the benevolent merchant! Let those plunders, who return with the wealth of nations sink-

ing under their cruelty and oppression, while they wan-
ton in all the luxuries of life—let them still

“ In palaces lie straining their low thoughts
“ To form unreal wants”—

To sensations like his they must ever be strangers.
An enjoyment so exquisite, so pure, so permanent, not
all the riches of the east can purchase.

GRATITUDE.

BY JOHN LUFFMAN.

I was just going to embark at Dieppe for England, when a women accosted me with a low curtsey; at the same time saying, “Sir, are you an Englishman?” I replied “ Yes.” She then told me she was destitute both of friends and money, and begged me, in the irresistible language of tears and sighs, to pay her passage. I did it without hesitation, and handed her into the cabin of the packet, then went to the hotel, discharged my bill, and went on board. We immediately set sail with a fair wind, but had not been more than two hours from the French coast when the wind became foul, and began to blow hard. Our captain lowered sail, and the gale increased. My fellow-

passengers, sixteen in number, were all dismayed, except the distressed fair one, who seemed perfectly indifferent to the severe contention of the elements. It now blew a storm our mast and rigging went over the side, and destruction seemed inevitable. I asked her what she thought of our situation ? She calmly replied, " It is dangerous, but much less so than the situation from which your kindness has relieved me." I made no reply, the master of the vessel at the instant crying out, " Land a head!" We now saw death in all his terrors ; the wind blowing with uncommon violence towards the shore, and our vessel being unable to steer, from the damage which the rudder had received. Most of the passengers were on their knees ; among whom was a priest, and a French colonel of dragoons, who were uttering ejaculations, and crossing themselves with great fervency. My companion's countenance did not, even at this awful moment, betray the least symptom of fear ! A certain complacency, which must proceed from extreme goodness of heart, illuminated every feature. I looked upon her with astonishment, and attempted to speak ; but seeing her disinclination to converse, I remained silent. We had not been in this situation many minutes before our vessel dashed upon the rocks with uncommon violence ; I heard the shrieks of my fellow-sufferers, but heard no more !

Recovering my senses, I found myself in a lonely cottage, within half a mile where the vessel struck, and the lady standing by my side. I never received so much pleasure in my life as on witnessing her preservation. " Heavens!" said I, inarticulately, " and are you safe

too?" One of the sailors, who also escaped, being there, immediately replied, " and you owe your life to her fortitude." After I had recovered sufficiently to converse, I returned my most heartfelt thanks, and determined within myself never to suffer her to leave me: then begged to know her story, and by what means she became, through heaven, the instrument of my safety. She replied, " My life has been an extraordinary one, and you will excuse me from going into any other particulars than such as may serve to shew how I have been enabled to preserve you. I am a West Indian, and it is the custom of that country, as well as most others in warm climates, to bathe frequently, I therefore learned to swim very early. The vessel had no sooner struck on the fatal rock, by which so many have perished, but I found myself in the sea. My presence of mind never fails me: I saw the shore, and made to it, the waves favoured my attempt, and I had the happiness to reach the land. I had not set my feet upon two minutes before I saw a man struggling with the waves. It was you! I did not hesitate a moment, but plunged once more into the sea, when after several fruitless endeavours to reach you, I had the good fortune to catch hold of your hair, and brought you to the shore, myself almost lifeless, you apparently dead. By the assistance of this seaman you was brought here; and, by the help of this worthy family, your life is restored." Here she stopped; when I poured out abundance of blessings upon my preserver. The people about us looked upon her as an angel. I immediately offered her my hand, which she declined, saying, " Stay Sir, till I deserve it. I have done no more for you than you

have done for me : I have saved your life, you too have saved mine ; for I was determined to avoid prostitution, and suicide must have been the dreadful means. Had you not generously consented to give me a passage that that ocean from which we and this seaman only are saved, would have received me."—By the attention of the cottagers we soon recovered, and were taken up by a vessel bound for London. Our fates are now united by the sacred bonds of mutual affection ; and I find in my grateful partner every thing that is just, generous, and virtuous.

COURAGE AND BENEVOLENCE.

WHAT an inexhaustable subject is the deformity of vice, and the loveliness of virtue ! how incontestible, how convincing are the proofs ! But if moralists were in earnest, they would find that the surest way to amend others, is first to reform themselves.

Two citizens who were neighbours, often indulged themselves with a morning's walk in the vicinity of the metropolis, before the hurrying hours of business came on. In one of these early perambulations, after ordinary conversation had ceased, one of them lamented the deluge of vice, which, like an inundation, had overspread the whole land ; that virtue was driven to the very confines of these once happy realms ; and that even

Charity herself was preparing to depart: yet amongst the general dearth of beneficence, he himself had a heart so very compassionate, that it melted with sorrow at a tale of woe, and he longed for nothing more than opportunities to relieve the distresses of his fellow creatures.

He had scarce finished this fine harangue when a good looking man in plain attire, approached them, begging their attention to his mournful story: He told them that his house had been burnt, and his stock in trade destroyed; and produced vouchers of the truth from persons of undoubted credit.

The citizen who had not spoke, declared his inability to relieve the unfortunate petitioner; but observed to his friend, that here was a fair opportunity of displaying his favourite virtue. The beneficent man however, declared that pity was all he could then afford, as he never carried any money about him.

The other on the departure of the poor mendicant, began to upbraid his friend: telling him he should have relieved the man himself, but that he would not deprive him of his darling pleasure; charity, besides being a virtue he had never made any pretensions to.

“ Now,” added he, to his abashed companion, you have clearly demonstrated, that benevolence is your characteristic; valour is mine! I look with reverence on the annals of former times, that furnish us with so many instances of god-like intrepidity; and sadly regret the

want of magnanimity in our days: yet, notwithstanding its almost general defection, I think I may, without vanity, boast of as much personal courage as any man breathing; and want nothing but a fit occasion to give proofs of it."

They had now strolled to a great distance from any houses, when a man rushed from behind the hedge with a drawn sword, threatening them with immediate death, if they did not deliver their money.

"Now," says the charitable man, "now my friend exert yourself and save our lives and property."

But the threats of the robber so intimidated both, that they quietly gave him their purses.

The valiant person was now, in turn, upbraided by his companion, who alledged, that if he had given him the least assistance, he would have secured the thief and delivered him up to justice.

"You could not expect any assistance from me," said the other, "as valour is what I never pretended to; but let us from henceforth, cease to upbraid each other; for we have proved, that though charity and valour are terms we understand perfectly well, we nevertheless willingly leave the practice of them to other people."



FIDELITY.

BY JOHN LUUFMAN.

IT was early in the last century when Crab-island, one of the Virgins, situate near the coast of Porta Rica in the Caribbean sea, became the general topic of conversation throughout the old settlements in the West Indies; its fertility was extolled almost to improbability. Its climate was reported to be healthy, and its situation for trade the most advantageous in those seas. From these and other flattering representations many speculations arose; and adventurers, not only from the English islands, but from the foreign also, arrived with their families and slaves for the purpose of settling this so much celebrated spot.

Among the number of deluded Colonists was Leontine and his family, consisting of his only son Bernardo, a young man of about twenty-four years of age, his daughter Leonada, a beautiful girl of fourteen years of age, between eighty and ninety slaves, and many valuables. The lands were divided among the new settlers in that amicable manner as bespoke confidence in each other, and the portion allotted to Leontine was desirably situated near the sea.

This infant settlement went on as well as could be wished till about the close of the second year, when the Spaniards of Porto Rica, unfortunately for them, acquired intelligence of the flourishing state this new colony was in; and well knowing from the industry and spirit of the English (who were its principal inhabitants), that unless crushed in its infancy it bid fair, even at an early period, to be a troublesome neighbour, they determined on its ruin; and accordingly assembled eight hundred whites, blacks, and mulattos, in canoes, and left their shore in the evening, under the hope of landing on Crab island before day-break; but a strong current setting against them prevented their making the land in time to effect their purpose undiscovered. The canoes were seen by the inhabitants, who knowing from their numbers as well as from their direction that their intentions were hostile, instantly beat to arms and mustered about two hundred whites with as many coloured people in whom they could confide. The command of this little force was offered to Leontine, who declined it on account of his age, but recommended his son Bernardo who had been bred to arms in Europe to that post of honour. They immediately invested him with the command, which he received with that kind of humility only known to a great mind. He then drew them up on the beach, where, in a manly and animated speech, he exhorted them to use every effort to expel the cruel invaders; and the concluding words were "Remember, my friends, it is not only our lives, but, what is still dearer to us than life, our liberties that we are now called upon to defend. Act magnanimously, and fear not to conquer."

The foe were now seen disembarking their force at the distance of a mile. Bernardo marched his men to oppose them ; but notwithstanding the greatest expedition was used, the enemy had made good their landing before they arrived. Bernardo having the advantage of a rising ground, attacked them with such impetuosity, that on the first onset, upwards of sixty of the Spaniards fell. He followed up this advantage with all the eagerness natural to an Englishman, or the descendant of an Englishman. In fine, the foe were driven to their canoes : but Bernardo and his followers, spurred on by glory, pursued them even unto the sea, when a villain pointed his muquet at him, and the contents were unfortunately lodged in his head. He was brought on shore, where Leontine shed over him the tear of parental affection, and in a short exordium excited his companions to emulate his virtues.

The bodies of the slain were now collected, when it appeared the Spaniards had lost two hundred and twenty dead on the beach, who, after being stripped of their arms, were consigned to the ocean. On the part of the Islanders were sixty killed and forty wounded ; the number wounded on the enemy's side could not be ascertained, many having been conveyed to their vessels during the action. Thus the affair concluded, and good order was again established throughout the colony.

The blessings of peace were but of a short duration : the Spaniards, irritated to an extreme degree at being defeated by less than half their number, assembled a considerable body of men of all descriptions, and in about

six weeks appeared again upon the coast and landed on a distant part of the island. Their force was considerably greater than in the former attempt, and that of the English considerably reduced. However, Leontine mustered the inhabitants, consisting of somewhat less than three hundred, and led them to attack the enemy ; they fought with uncommon intrepidity, but the Spaniards by dint of numbers overpowered our island heroes, and Leontine, with about forty others, the only remains of his small but gallant party, were obliged to seek refuge in the woods and mountains, while this unhappy spot was plundered without regard to place, and cruelties committed without distinction of age or sex.

Leontine was attended in his retreat by a negro slave named Pollio, whom (as soon as he found resistance was at an end, and that all was lost) he dispatched to his house to bring away his daughter Leonada, now his only hope. The faithful slave fulfilled his master's orders, and not only brought her in safety to the afflicted parent, but brought also many articles that his presence of mind pointed out as useful to them in their present unhappy situation, among which were some cloathing, canvas for hammocks, and his bow ; it having forcibly struck the mind of Pollio that the report of a musket might be the means of discovering their retreat, and knowing also that their existence depended principally upon what should be killed in the woods. The fire arms and ammunition which they brought with them from the fatal field were to be preserved for personal defence only.—Leontine met his daughter with joy, with that heartful pleasure that

even the distressed feel at the sight of a beloved object. Leonada threw her arms about his neck, and all she uttered was, "O, my father!" The great fatigue she had undergone superadded to the pleasure of again seeing her supposed lost parent overcame her delicate spirits. Leontine by his tenderness soon recovered her; and while he and Pollio were hanging the hammocks to the branches of the trees, Leonada fell asleep on the grass, and did not awake until Pollio had gotten ready a repast which, although indifferent, afforded strength to nature. In this situation, on the fruits of the woods, and upon the produce of Pollio's skilful archery, did this worthy father and amiable daughter subsist for six weeks, when Leontine, from being exposed to the nocturnal dews, was attacked with the yellow fever. Medicinal aid could not be had; he therefore in Leonada's attention and Pollio's knowledge of tropical simples placed his hope, under heaven, for recovery.

One morning, when this faithful negro was abroad upon his necessary duty of getting supplies, accompanied by Leonada, he heard the voice of a man calling in Spanish as if parted from companions: he therefore bade Leonada to make immediately to the retreat. She, all fear, was going with hasty step, when at a small distance she saw a man. She shrieked. Pollio, who had her still in his sight, ran immediately to her: the man hastening to her also. "Stand off!" said Pollio, getting between his mistress and the stranger, and placing an arrow in his bow. "Villain!" replied the Spaniard, drawing his sword, "lay aside your arms and surrender the lady this

moment, or you shall suffer for your temerity.—” “ Take the name of villain to yourself,” returned Pollio, “ and know I obey none but my master and this lady, whom I will defend with my life.” The Spaniard that instant rushed forward with his drawn sword, and at the same instant was Pollio’s arrow fixed in his heart. Leonada had gone back several paces during the conflict, but on seeing the Spaniard fall, she immediately ran to Pollio, who was busying himself in taking the Spaniard’s arms, which, when he had done, he hung the body of his adversary to a branch of the baneful but beautiful Manchonell-tree, and returned with his fair charge and his spoils to his master.

They had the satisfaction to find Leontine asleep in his hammock. When he awoke Leonada and Pollio related to him the recent transaction, which he seemed to hear with pleasure and regret. He found himself much better for the fine sleep he had just awoke from ; his fever was considerably abated, and he felt returning strength. “ Pollio,” says he faintly, “ let me have my pistols ; I think I shall be able to use them if there is an occasion ; and from the account just given me I forbode danger.” Pollio obeyed ; and Leontine had scarcely loaded them when he heard voices in the wood ; he immediately called Pollio. “ Pollio,” said he, “ they are at hand, the unrelenting murderous Spaniards are at hand !—Fly with my child and save her ! leave me to be their victim.”—“ No, master,” replied the slave, “ I must disobey you now ; I will do all I can to protect and defend my mistress, but the sword that lets out your blood

shall first pierce the heart of Pollio." This declaration brought tears into the eyes of Leontine. "Most faithful of men!" said he as energetically as he was able, "then we will endeavour to repel force by force, and if we fall the bosom of peace will receive us." At this instant three Spaniards appeared in view, loudly exclaiming, "Here are the murderers of Gonzago, dare not to resist, but prepare to die by the most excruciating tortures." Leontine immediately leaped from his hammock, crying as loud as he was able, "No! if we die, we die like men." Pollio had, while Leontine was speaking, shot the forwardest with an arrow in the forehead, and as the other two advanced, he aimed his pistols with such precision, they both took effect, and the threatening Spaniards lay weltering in their blood. Leonada's fortitude on this occasion was conspicuous; she not only supported her father's feeble arm, but was about to fire one of his pistols also when she saw the Spaniards fall. Leontine ordered Pollio to bury them and also their companion, whom he had hung on the Manchonell-tree. Pollio having first stripped them, deposited them in the sand on the sea-shore.

Leontine gathered strength daily; he was now able to walk. One day as he went down to the beach he saw several canoes lying in a little cove at a small distance. He immediately returned to the retreat and told Pollio to endeavour to make himself acquainted with who and what they were. Pollio immediately went to where the canoes lay, and seeing several Indians, he soon learned that they came from a neighbouring island to gather a

a fruit peculiar to that part of the country. Pollio thought this was a favorable opportunity for purchasing a canoe by which they might be able to get to an English island, or at least to one favorable to that government. He accordingly entered into a treaty with the Indians for one of their vessels, which he purchased for the clothes of the Spaniards, an old pistol, and a little powder. Leontine, impatient for the return of Pollio, had walked out expecting to meet him; but what was his surprise when he saw him land from a canoe and fasten it to a tree that grew upon the water's edge, and an Indian land also from another. He inquired of Pollio the cause of it. "Why, master," said Pollio, "I have bought a canoe of the Indians for the Spaniards' clothes and some trifles, and this man is come to receive them." Leontine said no more, but proceeded to the retreat, his faithful slave and the Indian following, where the things were delivered to the Indian, who returned to his fellows.

As soon as the Indian was gone, Leontine asked Pollio what he meant to do with the canoe? "To take you and my mistress to some island," replied the faithful slave, "where you may be happy." Leontine and Leonada approved of the measure; and Pollio, after getting together provisions and necessaries for their little voyage, conveyed them to St. Thomas's, from whence they proceeded to Antigua the island of their nativity, where Leontine immediately emancipated Pollio from slavery agreeable to the laws of the country, and he lived ever after with him, not as a servant but as the

friend and preserver of Leontine and Leonada, and a pattern of Fidelity.

MARRIAGE BY BILL OF EXCHANGE.

THERE was some time since, a marriage negotiated by a Bill of exchange, in the Island of Jamaica ; the circumstances of which are so whimsical, that I believe such of our readers as have not already heard it will be diverted with the relation.

A merchant, originally from London, having acquired a handsome fortune in that island, concluded with himself he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit ! and knowing none to his fancy, he resolved to write to a worthy correspondent in London. He knew no other style than that he used his trade ; therefore, treating affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus “ Item ” Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send, by next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualifications and form following.”

“ As for a portion I demand none ; let her be of an

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honest family ; between 20 and 25 years of age ; of a middle stature and well proportioned ; her face agreeable ; her temper mild ; her character blameless ; her health good ; and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second, thro' lack of the first soon after she comes to hand ; which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great distance and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives, and conditioned as aforesaid, with the present letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter by marrying the bearer at 15 days sight, in witness whereof I subscribe myself yours &c."

The London correspondent read over and over the odd article, which put the future spouse on the same footing with a bale of goods, could not help admiring the prudent exactness of the merchant, and his laconic style, in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on : he, however endeavoured to serve him to his mind ; and after many enquires found a lady fit for his purpose, in a young person of a reputable family but no fortune, of good humour, and of a polite education, well shaped, and more than tolerably handsome. He made the proposal to her as his friend had directed ; and the young lady, who had no subsistence, but from a cross old aunt, who gave her a great deal of uneasiness, accepted it. A ship bound for Jamaica was then fitting out at Bristol ; the gentlewoman went on board the same, together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all necessaries,

and particularly with a certificate in due form, and indorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus—“ Item, A maid of 21 years of age of the quality, shape, and conditioned as per order ; as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce.” The writings which were thought necessary to so exact a man as the future husband, were, an extract of the parish register, certificate of her character, signed by the curate, an attestation of her neighbours, setting forth, that she had for the space of three years lived with an old aunt, who was intolerably peevish, and had not during all that time given her said aunt, the least occasion of complaint, and lastly the goodness of her constitution was certified, after consultation by four eminent physicians. Before the gentlewoman’s departure, the London correspondent sent several letters of advice, by other ships, to his friend ; whereby he informed him, that per such a ship, he had sent him a young woman of such an age, character, and condition ; in a word, such as he desired to marry. The letters of advice, the bales, and the gentlewoman, came safe to the port, and the merchant who happened to be one of the foremost on the pier, at the lady’s landing was charmed to see a handsome person, who having heard him called by his name, thus addressed him—“ Sir, I have a Bill of exchange upon you, and you know it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made ; I beg you would be pleased to pay it” At the same time she gave him his correspondent’s letter on the back of which was written, “ The bearer of this is the spouse you ordered me to send

you."—"Ha, madam!" said the merchant, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested and I swear this shall not be the first, I shall reckon myself the most fortunate of all men, if you will allow me to discharge it."—"Yes Sir," said she; "and the more willingly since I am apprised of your character. We had several persons of honour on board, who knew you very well: and who, during my passage, have answered all the questions I asked them concerning you, in so satisfactory a manner, that they have raised in me a perfect esteem for you." This interview was in a few days followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent. The new married couple were satisfied with their happy union, made by a bill of exchange, which turned out one of the most fortunate that had happened in that island for many years.

HUMANITY.

BY JOHN LUFFMAN.

ON the plain near the village of Dettingen, celebrated for the victory obtained over the French under the command of the Mareschal de Noailles, by the British forces and their allies, commanded by the king in person, and the earl of Stair, resided Alberto the shepherd, with his two children, Gerhard and Christina; and at about

the distance of three English miles, on the road to Aßchaffenburgh, dwelt Ernestus the woodman, brother of Alberto. These men lived in that state of sincere friendship and good offices to each other as may, with propriety, be termed the very essence of brotherly love. The children of Alberto were the children of Ernestus; indeed they seemed actuated but by one soul. Alberto's son was about ten years of age, his daughter some years younger; and it had been the custom established between these friendly brothers to enjoy the pleasure of the children's company alternately. It was Christmas, and it was also Ernestus's turn to entertain his adopted children; Alberto accordingly ordered Gerhard and Christina to prepare themselves for their visit to their uncle's; and it was about three o'clock in the afternoon when they left the house of Alberto to pursue their little journey: the cold was intense, but they had been accustomed to it. When they had got some way on the forest or wood through which they were obliged to pass, the atmosphere thickened, and the snow came down in such a degree as to obliterate their sight, and prevent them finding the right path. While they were in this situation, night came on. Gerhard encouraged his sister not to fear, and proposed climbing the tree which they were standing under; but, after many attempts made by the enfeebled Christina, it was found impossible to succeed; Gerhard, therefore, did not attempt it, but stood close by her till she fell in a sound sleep. He having oftentimes heard his father and uncle talk of the dreadful consequences attending the loss of motion in such cases, endeavoured, by every means in his power, to awake her; but it prov-

ing ineffectual, he took his coat off, and wrapt it close about the breast and back of his sister, and then laid himself across her feet, and prayed to the God of heaven to protect and save them.

They were discovered in the morning by Audaxus, an old soldier, then on his way to join the army of Prince Ferdinand, in Westphalia, as a volunteer. The veteran seeing something, at the distance of a few paces out of the path, which he thought looked unlike the common appearance of a snow heap, made up to it, and found the children in the situation just described, and apparently lifeless. He immediately threw his hat from his head, his staff from his hand, and, taking his knapsack from his shoulders, first lifted up Gerhard, and felt his bosom and his pulse. He found warmth yet remain in the one, and motion in the other. He now stripped off an old regimental coat, spread it over the snow, and laid the boy upon it with the greatest tenderness; he then went to the assistance of Christina, whom he found more warm and with more pulsation than her brother; when, after treating her in the same manner he had done Gerhard, he proceeded to take out of his knapsack a bottle of brandy: this he applied alternately to the temple, the breast, and to the extremities of each of the innocents, till he found evident signs of returning life. "Heavens! now" exclaimed old Audaxus, "I shall succeed." He continued his applications some time longer, when he observed the eyelids of Christina to open, and very soon after those of Gerhard. "'Tis done!" cries the old man in a rapture, "'tis done!" He now

raised them from the ground, and, sitting upon his wallet, took one on each knee ; and, by giving them a small quantity of the spirit, they were soon recovered so far as to be able to tell Audaxus where they had come from, and who was their father ; but they were yet unable to walk : he therefore wrapped them up in his coat, left his knapsack and stick under the tree, took them in his arms, and carried them to their parents. Alberto was standing at the door of his cottage when he saw the old man approaching with all the haste in his power ; the children were so much obscured by the old military coat that Alberto did not discover immediately what Audaxus had hidden under it. Rushing forward towards Alberto's door, who still stood on its threshold, " Let me in," says the old soldier, " I have a present for you," and immediately little Gerhard drew aside the coat from his face ; the old man also, at the instant, removed it from the face of Christina. " My children !" says Alberto ; and that was all he could utter. However he followed Audaxus into the cottage, where the soldier, in pithy oratory, told them in what manner he found them, and in what manner he also relieved them. He then blest heaven for doing so much for him as to make him the humble instrument of the children's safety. He was now about to take his leave of this amiable family, when Alberto begged him to stay with him. " No, I thank you," replied Audaxus, " I am going to the camp ; my knapsack, which contains all my worldly concerns, and my staff, the only remaining support of my old age, I have left under the tree in the wood where I was so fortunate as to find your children." — " But you must stay

with us," says Alberto, "our cottage is large enough for us all; but even if it should prove inconvenient upon trial, I will enlarge it. I have some little money, you shall share it with me; and I have a brother, who lives hard by, to whom my children were going when the misfortune happened to them; his also you shall share; he loves us: it is only for him to know what you have done for these infants, and you may command all he has. Do therefore stay with us; you will find more happiness in this cottage than can possibly be found in the bloody field of war."—"I cannot," replied the old soldier; (O! strange reverse of fortune!) I have lost every thing that was near or dear to me in life; I wish to remove to the mansions of eternal rest, and I think I cannot go by a more honorable way than by falling in the cause of justice and my country; I am therefore determined on serving out the campaign. If I survive it, I will return; and I hope to finish my days with you and your children, whom I will henceforward also call my children." Then taking Alberto's hand into one of his, and the hands of Gerhard and Christina in the other, the venerable soldier emphatically exclaimed, "God bless you all," and then departed from the cottage. Alberto followed, and accompanied him to the wood, where he found his knapsack and staff safe. As they walked towards the wood, Alberto offered Audaxus a supply of eat, which he refused, telling him he had sufficient.—They parted; Alberto wishing him speedily to return, and praying the God of battle to protect from every harm the man whose profession indeed called him to the insanguined field, but who was himself a pattern of humanity.—Alberto immediately

acquainted his brother with all that had happened ; and of his offer to the old soldier not only of part of his cottage, but his property. "And mine also," replied Ernestus ; "I hope you offered him mine also." "Yes," returned Alberto, "I did."—" 'Tis well," says the brother ; "you have done well, and I am satisfied."

The campaign ended in about six months, and the humane Audaxus returned to the cottage of Albertus, who received him with the warmest friendship.—"I am now come," says the old soldier, "to quarter myself upon your generosity: I bring nothing to the common stock but scars." The veteran had been shot through the calf of the left leg, and wounded on the head with a broad sword. "This wound," says he, pointing to his leg, "was fairly given; but this," lifting up his hat, and shewing the wound to Alberto, "was given by a villain; a fellow that stained the name of **SOLDIER**! for the poltroon cut at me when I was down; my musket lay by me, and, though in extreme pain, I made shift to lodge the contents in his head, and he dropped in the instant. After telling to Alberto and his children, and to Ernestus, the whole of his adventures during the campaign, the virtuous and contented family sat down to dinner. Audaxus at night was shewn his apartment in the cottage, and he now forms a third brother to the firmly united Alberto and Ernestus.



STORY OF COLONEL M—.

GOLDSMITH.

AT the conclusion of the treaty of peace at Utrecht, Col. M— was one of the thoughtless, agreeable, gay creatures, that drew the attention of the company at Bath. He danced and talked with great vivacity ; and when he gamed among the ladies, he shewed, that his attention was employed rather upon their hearts than their fortunes. His own fortune, however, was a trifle, when compared to the elegance of his expence ; and his imprudence at last was so great, that it obliged him to sell an annuity, arising from his commission, to keep up his splendour a little longer.

However thoughtless he might be, he had the happiness of gaining the affections of Miss L—, whose father designed her a very large fortune. This lady was courted by a nobleman of distinction ; but she refused his addresses, resolved upon gratifying rather her inclinations than her avarice. The intrigue went on successfully between her and the Colonel, and they both would certainly have been married, and been undone, had not Mr. Nash apprised her father of their intentions. The old gentleman recalled his daughter from Bath, and offered

Mr. Nash a very considerable present, for the care he had taken, which he refused.

In the mean time, Colonel M—— had an intimation how his intrigue came to be discovered ; and by tax-
ing Mr. Nash, found that his suspicions were not without foundation. A challenge was the immediate conse-
quence ; which the King of Bath, conscious of having
only done his duty, thought proper to decline. As none
are permitted to wear swords at Bath, the Colonel found
no opportunity of gratifying his resentment, and waited
with impatience to find Mr. Nash in town, to require
proper satisfaction.

During this interval, however, he found his credi-
tors became too importunate for him to remain longer at
Bath ; and his finances and credit being quite exhausted,
he took the desperate resolution of going over to the
Dutch army in Flanders, where he enlisted himself a
volunteer. Here he underwent all the fatigues of a pri-
vate sentinel, with the additional misery of receiving no
pay ; and his friends in England gave out he was shot at
the battle of —.

In the mean time, the nobleman pressed his pa-
ssion with ardor ; but, during the progress of his amour,
the young lady's father died, and left her heiress to a for-
tune of fifteen hundred a year. She thought herself now
disengaged from her former passion. An absence of two
years had in some measure abated her love for the Col-
onel ; and the asfidelity, the merit, and the real regard,
of the gentleman who still continued to solicit her, were

almost too powerful for her constancy. Mr. Nash, in the mean time, took every opportunity of enquiring after Colonel M——, and found that he had for some time been returned to England, but changed his name, in order to avoid the fury of his creditors ; and that he was entered into a company of strolling players, who were at that time exhibiting at Peterborough.

He now therefore thought he owed the Colonel, in justice, an opportunity of promoting his fortune, as he had once deprived him of an occasion of satisfying his love. Our Beau, therefore, invited the lady to be of a party to Peterborough, and offered his own equipage, which was then one of the most elegant in England, to conduct her there. The proposal being accepted, the lady, the nobleman, and Mr. Nash, arrived in town just as the players were going to begin.

Colonel M——, who used every means of remaining *incognito*, and who was too proud to make his distresses known to any of his former acquaintance, was now degraded into the character of Tom in the *Conscious Lovers*. Miss L—— was placed in the foremost row of the spectators, her lord on one side, and the impatient Nash on the other, when the unhappy youth appeared in that despicable situation upon the stage. The moment he came on, his former mistress struck his view ; but his amazement was increased, when he saw her fainting away in the arms of those who sat behind. He was incapable of proceeding ; and, scarce knowing what he did, he flew and caught her in his arms.

"Colonel," cried Nash, when they were in some measure recovered, "you once thought me your enemy, because I endeavoured to prevent you both from ruining each other; you were then wrong, and you have long had my forgiveness. If you love well enough now for matrimony, you fairly have my consent; and d—n him, say I, that attempts to part you." Their nuptials were solemnized soon after; and affluence added a zest to all future enjoyments. Mr. Nash had the thanks of each; and he afterwards spent several agreeable days in that society which he had contributed to render happy.

TRUE BENEFICENCE.

A young man of the name of Robert, was waiting on the River at Marseilles, when a person entered his boat. The stranger* sat himself down in it, but was immediately preparing to go out, observing to Robert (whom he never suspected to be the master,) that, since the owner of the boat did not appear, he would go into another, "Sir," said the young man to him, "this is mine; could you wish to go out of the port?" "No, as there will only be about an hour of day-light, I wished merely to go round the dock in order to enjoy the coolness

* It was M. de Montesque, author of the *Spirit of Laws*.

and beauty of the evening ;—but you have not the look of a sailor, nor the manners of a man of that profession.” “ ‘Tis not my real trade, it is only to get a little money that I follow it on Sundays and festivals.”—“ What ! covetous at your age ! this disgraces your youth, and diminishes the esteem which your happy physiognomy at first inspires.”—“ Ah ! sir, you know not for what purpose I am so anxious to get money, or you would not add to my affliction by thinking me so mean a character.”—“ I may have judged too rashly, but you have not explained yourself ; let us take our round, and recount to me your history.” The stranger sat himself down. “ Well,” continued he “ tell me what are your afflictions, you have disposed me to share in them.” “ There is one thing only of which I have reason to complain, that of having my father in slavery without being able to relieve him. He was a broker in this city, and had procured from his savings, and those of my mother, who was a milliner, an interest in a vessel laden for Smirna, and in order to make the best of it he went himself along with it. The vessel was taken by a pirate and carried into Tetuan, where my unhappy father is slave with the rest of the crew. They ask two thousand crowns for his ransom, but as our finances were exhausted in order to render the enterprize more important, we are yet very far from having gained this sum : my mother and sisters work day and night ; I do the same in the capacity of a journeyman jeweller ; and I endeavour to turn to advantage, as you see, the Sundays and festivals.

We have retrenched ourselves to the bare necessaries of life: one small room forms the whole of our lodgings.—I formerly thought of going to take the place of my father, and thereby restore him to his liberty.—I was on the point of executing this project, when my mother, who was informed of it, I know not how, assured me that it was as impracticable as it was chimerical, and ordered all the captains of the Leyant not to take me on board.” “Do you ever hear from your father?” enquired the stranger, “do you know who is his master at Tetuan, or what sort of treatment he receives from him?” “His master,” replied Robert, “is superintendant of the king’s gardens: he is treated with humanity; and the work at which he is employed is not above his strength:—but we are not with him to comfort and solace him:—he is far from us, from a wife and three children whom he always tenderly loved.” “What name does he bear at Tetuan?” “He has not changed it, he is called Robert as at Marseilles.” “Robert—belonging to the superintendant of the gardens?” “Yes sir, “Your misfortune moves me, but your conduct merits a better fate, which I dare preface, and I wish it most sincerely.” The stranger then wishing to give himself up to solitude said to Robert “Do not take in amiss my friend if I remain quiet for a moment.”

When night came on, the stranger desired Robert to land, and in getting out of the boat gave him a purse into his hand, and without giving him time to thank him, he left him with precipitation. There was in the purse, eight louis in gold, and ten crowns in silver.

Such generosity gave the young man the highest opinion of the person who was capable of it, but it was in vain for him to attempt to overtake him, to thank him for it.

This honest family still continued to work without intermission, that they might procure the sum which they wanted; when about six weeks after the above circumstance took place, as they were taking a frugal dinner, composed of bread and dried almonds, who should appear, but Robert, the father, decently dressed, thus surprising them in the midst of their sorrow and misery. Who can judge of the astonishment of his wife and children? What words can express their joy and transport? The old man threw himself into their arms, and thanked them for the fifty louis which they had provided for him, when he embarked in the vessel where his passage and expences had been paid in advance, and for the cloths with which he was furnished. He knew not how to repay so much zeal and love. This intelligence struck the family dumb and motionless; they looked at each other without being able to utter a single word: at length the mother broke silence. She imagined her son had done all this. She told her husband how much he had wanted, from the commencement of his slavery, to go and take his place, and by what means she had prevented him from doing it. Six thousand livres said she was the sum they demanded for your ransom: we have at present little more than one half; he must therefore have found some friends to assist him." The father as if thunderstruck, immediately appeared dismayed; when recovering himself he thus addressed his son. "Wretch! what hast thou done, can I owe to thee my deliverance

without regretting it? would it remain a secret to thy mother were it not bought at the price of virtue? At thy age the son of an unfortunate man, of a slave, is it possible for thee to have procured by honest means, the sum that was necessary for it! I tremble when I think that filial love should have made thee guilty. Keep me no longer in suspense but tell the truth and let us all die if thou hast been dishonest."——"Be composed dear father, your son is incapable of a dishonest action. It is not to me that you owe the restoration of your liberty, but I know our benefactor. Do you remember mother, that stranger who gave me his purse: he asked me many questions I will spend my life in search of him: I will find him and bring him to behold the happy effects of his beneficence." He then related to his father the anecdote of the stranger, and thus dispelled his fears.

Being restored to his family, Robert found a few friends who assisted him. His success exceeded his expectations. At the end of two years he found himself in possession of an easy competency. His children were settled advantageously, and nothing now was wanting to complete their happiness, but to find out their benefactor, who kept himself from their knowledge notwithstanding the continual searches of the son. At length he met him one Sunday morning walking alone on the port. Ch? my guardian angel!" was all that he was able to pronounce, when, throwing himself at the feet of his benefactor, he for a time remained senseless. The stranger immediately began to assist him, and demanded the cause of his present situation, "What! sir, can you be

ignorant of it?" said the young man " have you forgot Robert and his unfortunate family whom you have restored to happiness by ransoming the father?" " You must be mistaken my friend, I do not know you, and you cannot know me, I am a stranger at Marseilles, I have only been here a few days." " That may be; but was not you here twenty-six months ago? Call to mind your employing me in the port, the interest you took in my unhappiness, the questions you asked concerning my situation, the knowledge of which has enabled you to become our benefactor. Deliverer of my father, can you forget that you are the saviour of a whole family, who wish for nothing more than your presence? Do not refuse them that pleasure, but come and behold the happiness of which you have been the author.—Come." " I have told you before my friend you are mistaken." " No, sir, I am not mistaken, your features are too deeply engraved on my memory for me ever to forget them.—I pray you come." On saying which he took him by the arm, and attempted to compel him. A crowd being assembled round them, the stranger in a more firm and resolute tone said to him: " Sir, this scene begins to be troublesome, it is some resemblance in me that has caused your mistake, recover your reason, go to your family and there seek to procure that tranquillity which you seem to require."—" What cruelty!" cried the young man, " Benefactor of this family, why will you impair by your resistance that happiness which they owe entirely to you? Are you so inflexible as to refuse the tribute which we have reserved so long for your sensibility?—And you who are present whom my trouble and disorder have called together, assist me all of you, that the author

of my safety may come and contemplate his own works ! At these words the stranger uniting all his force, and assuming all courage to resist the delicious seduction that was offered out to him, darted in a moment to the midst of the crowd and immediately disappeared.

The famous banker M. Mayn, of Cadiz, who related this story was himself charged with the delivery of the ransom for the freedom of Robert.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

“ I will remain here till he awake, then,” said I ; “ I can sleep upon a chair as well as he.”—The landlord complied, and bidding me good night, with his family retired to bed.—For the sake of being more at ease, I placed some chairs together and reclined myself at full length upon them.—When I had closed my eyes a few minutes, I was disturbed by a loud groan, which I imagined to proceed from my sleeping companion.—I instantly rose, and approached, fearing it might have arisen from pain, occasioned by an uneasy posture ; but he appeared perfectly composed and comfortable ; I, therefore, concluding it to be the ebullition of a dream, was returning to my chairs, when the noise was repeated,

and in a manner that thrilled my very soul—The sound was continued to a great length and in a tone unlike any thing I ever heard before.—It was, indeed, such as one would expect to hear from the organs of a ghost—it seemed directly over my shoul!er—I stood petrefied till it ceased, and then turned to look at Yardly, who was still in a calm sleep and his lips closed—It cannot be you, thought I, for it is not the voice of a human being. Every thing was still again, and I mustered sufficient resolution to search round the room; but nothing uncommon could be seen, and my alarm dissipating by degrees, gave me reason to think the whole a delusion, proceeding from the punch I had drank. Laughing now at my own weakness, I once more approached my chairs, which I had scarcely touched before my ears were again summoned by a voice different from the last, expressing sympathy and horror, which, while I remained motionless, and deprived even of the utterance of fear, spoke, as if its lips were in contact with my own, as follows: “Prepare, my son—O, prepare, for death!—the spirit of your father now calls to you from the grave—Trust not the strength of youth, nor the fewness of your years, for in three days you will be numbered with the dead.”—It is impossible for you, reader, to conceive my feelings at that moment: the voice ceased, and my soul was divided between horror, at the presence of a spirit, and terror, at the approach of dissolution. Not a doubt remained of the awful visit of a supernatural agent, and, the moment my limbs recovered their use, I knelt, and offered up to Heaven a prayer. In the midst of my devotion, Yardly sprung from his seat, caught me by the arm, and burst

into a fit of laughter, that, from its violence, seemed rather the result of madness than of mirth ; at length, shaking my hand, he cried, "Don't believe the ghost—you shan't die yet."—"You astonish me," said I ; "explain yourself."—"Listen," said he—I did so, when, to my surprize, the accent and words of the supposed spirit reverberated in my ears.—Yardly was a ventriloquist—he was the first I had ever heard, and while pretending to be fast asleep, was exercising his wonderful powers to my unspeakable torment.

THE SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS EASY.

AN Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties, without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day, asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being *always easy*. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility : it consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly" returned the bishop : "in whatever state I am, I first of all look up to

Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there : I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or to complain.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE PRINCESS OF WALES, MOTHER OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

Oh, sweet benevolence ! the sacred chain
That links us to the gods ! the pow'r is thine,
To smooth the rugged passions, charm the heart,
And wing the soul into her native skies.

WHILE others are deeply engaged in the business of corruption and party, in circulating scandal, or defaming the innocent, permit me to be the historian of benevolence and virtue. While our nobility and gentry, affecting the wretched levity of France, exhaust their time in an eternal round of frivolous amusements, which

are at once mischievous and insignificant ; let me be the recorder of other deeds and other characters—scenes which acquire importance from being true, and which are truly splendid because they are truly good. When royalty becomes the patron of humanity, they reflect a lustre upon each other, and we are called upon by double obligations to imitate the bright example.

Her late royal highness the Princess Dowager of Wales possessed many extraordinary virtues. A soft heart, a sympathetic soul, and exalted sentiments, were qualities natural to her. Early trained in the school of misfortune, she had a quick and lively conception of distress in others ; and she was equally expeditious in administering comfort to it. This was her ruling principle ; this was the fertile fountain of other virtues ; and these virtues were the more amiable, as they bloomed always in private and unseen, and yielded their immortal fruit in silence and retirement. Let those wretches blush, who levelled their scandal at large at her reputation and her peace, and who had so often denied the existence of those virtues which they were unacquainted with.

Her royal highness, soon after her first arrival in these dominions, derived great pleasure from perusing the newspapers ; a custom which she discontinued the last ten years of her life, but which first taught her the genius and manners of the English people. In the month of December 1742, her royal highness read in one of these papers the following advertisement :—

X

DISTRESS.

“A man who has served his country bravely is, by a peculiar circumstance of misfortune, reduced to the **extremest** distress. He has a family too, who are deeply involved in his fate. This intelligence will be sufficient to those who can feel, and who can relieve. Such persons may be more particularly informed of his past misfortune, and may be witnesses of his present, by calling at *****.”

I have observed already, that this amiable lady was experienced in distress; and there was an air of truth, of candor, of superiority to deceit, through the whole of this advertisement, which greatly bespoke her sympathy, and roused her humanity. She resolved to see the miserable man who advertised.

Her highness had in her house a lady of German extraction, who accompanied her from Germany to England, and who was her favorite and companion till the lady's death, which happened about fifteen years ago. With this companion she resolved to visit the scene of distress. In a common morning dress, and in a common chair, to avoid the public eye, she set off about noon, the lady walking slowly behind her. They eluded all observation, and arrived at the appointed place.

The direction led them up two pair of stairs, into a little apartment (in one of the streets behind Golden Square,) which they entered. A woman, whose ghastly features were pale with poverty and sickness, lay stretched on a comfortless bed, without curtains, and

circled in her arms a female child, whose closed eyes seemed sealed up with death, and whose face out-did her mother's in marks of want and despair. A tall and graceful man sat before a *cold fire*, having on his knee a boy wrapped round in a flannel petticoat; over whom he hung his head, and gazed upon him with eyes of affection and anguish.—All this was seen in the twinkling of an eye. Her highness stopped short, drew close to her companion, and clasped her in her arms, as she had suddenly entered into the mansion of horror and despair. The man, starting from his chair, placed the child by the side of his hapless mother, advanced gracefully towards the ladies, and begged of them to sit down. Her highness, opening her lips for the first time, said, “*With all my heart.*”

Need I describe to the reader the scene that ensued? Need I inform him, that hope and expectation sat panting in the father's eye; that sensibility and pity wandered o'er the royal features, and diffused over all her countenance, a graceful sorrow and dejection?—This scene would have afforded the most luxurious feast to a feeling soul: It is such, I will not injure it by my pen, but resign it to be conceived by the imagination.

The attending lady first broke silence, by disclosing their business. She said, that they had read his advertisement, and were desirous of receiving the information which it promised. The man thanked them for their humanity, and proceeded to relate his story. His

voice was good, and his style was simple ; and he spoke with precision, fluency, and grace. But as I am not now writing *his* history, but an anecdote of the Princess Dowager of Wales, I will not relate his history after him. The reader must be contented *at present* with knowing, that he had been an ensign in a marching regiment, which was then in Germany ; that a knot of those military coxcombs, with which every regiment is crowded, had conceived a pique against him, for being braver and more sensible than themselves ; that one of these hot-headed youths had sent him a challenge on a very frivolous pretence, which he refused to accept, from motives of duty and honor ; that pretences were drawn from this circumstance, and combinations formed to insult and ruin him ; that they represented him to the chief commander as a coward, a flanderer, and a bad officer ; that his conduct was inquired into ; and, over-powered by numbers, he was broke for crimes which he never committed ; that he set out immediately with his little family for England to lay his case before the secretary at war, and to implore justice : that, having no powerful friend to introduce him into the War-office, the secretary was too deeply engaged in the business of the War, to listen to the complaints of a friendless ensign : that this put a period to his hopes ; that his wife was then seized with sickness ; but being destitute of money to procure the necessary remedies, her distemper was soon communicated to the two children ; and that, having spent his last sixpence, in a fit of agony and despair, he sent the above-mentioned advertisement to the newspapers ; as the last resource which a gentleman's honor could stoop to. Though many pathetic circumstances are suppressed, this

is the leading line of the story. He related it with a firm and manly countenance, and was a fine contrast to the soft and amiable sensibility which the ladies displayed in the course of it.

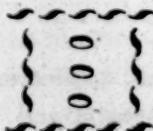
It was a case of unfeigned distress, and even despair ; and the Princess thought, that, in his present desperate situation, she could not yield him sincerer comfort, than by informing him into what safe and powerful hands he had fallen. Putting ten guineas into his hands, she told him, " that the Princess of Wales, to whom he had now related his story, felt for him, and pitied him ; and that she would procure justice to himself, his wife, and his infants." The astonished ensign had almost dropt on one knee, to acknowledge her rank, her condescension, and her goodness ; but rushing to the door, she hurried down the stairs, and returned into her chair, leaving the ensign wrapt in wonder and gratitude.

Let those enjoy these moments who can feel them. The officer made his little mansion echo with her name : he repeated it with rapture, and recommended it to Heaven ; and never were prayers more sincere—While the princess returned to her house, satisfied that she had begun a good work, which she resolved to bring to a happy conclusion.

The issue of this is so obvious, that every one may guess it. The Princess applied to the Duke of Cumberland in the officer's behalf ; and, after a week had passed, she sent for him to receive a lieutenant's commission, in a regiment which was soon to embark for Flanders.

Thus provided, she enjoined him to prepare for the expedition and to leave his little family under her protection till his return. Though this charge was dear to him, he willingly resigned it to so faithful a guardian, and set off to join a regiment where he was recommended by royal patronage itself. He behaved with his usual bravery and prudence; and after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1784, returned to England, to his wife and to his children, with a major's commission. He lived at home happy and beloved; the same benevolent lady who first snatched him from ruin, still patronizing him. He afterwards sacrificed his life for his country on the plains of Minden: a field which proved disgraceful to many people, but covered his grey hairs with honour and laurels.

More is not necessary. I have related enough of the old ensign's life, to display the tenderness, the benevolence, the generosity, of the great and amiable lady, whose memory I shall ever revere. It remains, now only to inform the reader, that the son of the old ensign—who languished upon his knee, whom he gazed upon with despair, when the Prince first entered his wretched habitation—is now the writer of this little story; and he dedicates this sincere tribute to her memory, as a **MONUMENT OF HER VIRTUES.**



THE VILLAGE CURATE.

BY MR. BACON.

“ The Good, for Virtue’s sake, abhor to sin.” CREECH.

AT an age when the human mind is most susceptible of, and too often imbibes, a passion for voluptuous pleasure ; ere yet Experience her sage precepts had impressed, Lord Belfont inherited a splendid fortune. His levees were crowded with the most fashionable part of the world : the voice of Flattery incessantly sung his praise, and bestowed on him every virtue that could ennoble man. His rank in life, and extensive fortune, introduced him into the first families in England : and overtures of marriage were made to him by the parents and guardians of the greatest beauties of the age ; but Belfont, though not insensible to the charms of beauty, was not yet become the vassal of their power.

The attention which he invariably received from the whole circle of his acquaintance, it might reasonably be supposed, was very acceptable to the inexperienced Belfont ; but, notwithstanding his extreme youth, and ignorance of men and manners, he suspected the sincerity of those encomiums which Flattery bestowed on him ;

and the pliant voice of Adulation had made little impression on his mind.

At once to prove the integrity of his professed friends, he carefully spread a report that, by one imprudent step, he had precipitated from prosperity's flowery mount, into the barren vale of poverty. Swift as wildfire ran the evil tale; and those very doors which, as it were by magic, opened at the approach of the rich and happy Belfont, were now barred against the ruined spendthrift.

To give his distress an air of certainty, he made several applications for assistance to his once vowed eternal friends, which were invariably treated with a mortifying contempt. To the fair rivals of his affections he addressed his tale of sorrow: here, too, neglect was his fate. Belfont, dispossessed of the means to gratify their fondness for dress, amusement, and pleasure, was an object no longer worthy of their regard.

Reflecting on these events, he exclaimed—"How wretched are the children of Fortune! The Poor man in his hour of distress, finds a friend; but the rich, when he ceases to be so, is disregarded by those whom his former bounty fed; and who have not charity enough to give to his misfortunes, even the costless sigh of pity!"

In the midst of his contemplations, a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of Lord Bremere; who, returned from a country excursion, had just heard of his friend's misfortune, and hastened to relieve his necef-

ties. As he approached, Belfont, rising from his chair, ran to meet him. "It is some consolation," said he, "for the disappointments I have experienced, to find the man whom I most valued not unworthy the esteem I bore him. This," continued he, "more than recompenses the ingratitude of those mercenary wretches, who cannot recollect the features of their friend when shaded by the veil of affected distress."

The conclusion of Belfont's address forcibly struck Lord Bremere, who repeated the words—"affected distress!"—Adding, with much surprise—"Are, then, your misfortunes bred of the idle tattle of the town?"

"No, my lord," returned Belfont. "Not from those contemptible beings, who eagerly busy themselves with every body's affairs, while they neglect their own, and who are only industrious in the propagation of scandal; but from myself arose the tale of my distress. I invented it, merely to prove the sincerity of those protestations of eternal friendship, which every day the sycen, Flattery, whispered in my ear; and which, to speak the truth, were become most intollerably disgusting. Among my female friends," he continued, "a lady on whom I looked with partial eyes, and who, in fact, had made some faint impression on my heart, had the cruelty to smile at my distress: but I thank her for her contempt; it has broke asunder those chains her beauty had forged to hold my heart in bondage."

"And what does your lordship mean to make of this discovery?" enquired Bremere.

"My resolutions, Charles," returned Belfont, "and your ideas, I will venture to say, are of an opposite nature. You, perhaps, imagine that I shall return to the fashionable world, refute the opinion it entertains of my distress, and reproach it for its ingratitude!"

"What else can you possibly propose?" asked Bremere.

"Convinced of your lordship's integrity," replied Belfont, "I shall not hesitate to repose in your breast the secret of my resolves. The sudden death of my uncle," continued he, "has given me an ample fortune; the enjoyments of which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, ensures the constant possession of happiness. Alas! how mistaken such a notion! It is true, my every wish is gratified, but one. You smile, Charles! and already anticipate that yet unaccomplished wish—Yes! my friend, the society of a virtuous female, whose bosom is awake to the soft touches of humanity, and who will not, to the offspring of distress, refuse the tributary sigh of pity, nor from the needy sufferer withhold the sacred boon of charity, is what I am now in search of. In the higher circles of life," added he, "my pursuit has proved abortive; and, assuming the appearance of the rustic cottager, I mean to seek it in humbler scenes!"

It was in vain, that Lord Bremere endeavoured to dissuade his friend from his purpose. Belfont remained

inflexible to all his entreaties ; and, having drawn from his friend an assurance of inviolable secrecy, they parted ; Bremere, to the haunts of giddy fashion : Belfont, to prepare for his visit to those of rural felicity.

After a short repast, Belfont, leaving directions with his steward for the management of the family in his absence, retired to rest ; and, at an early hour, while the sons of riot and dissipation were returning from their nocturnal revels, he left his splendid mansion, and in the humble garb of a peasant, with a few necessaries tied up in a handkerchief, began his retreat from the metropolis. His name and title were only known in Grosvenor Square : at present, he contented himself with the less dignified appellation of George Truemau ; and all traces of Lord Belfont were for a time, vanished.

Having continued his walk for near three hours, he found himself somewhat fatigued ; when an inn, opportunely presenting itself to view, afforded him an opportunity of resting his weary limbs, and satisfying the cravings of nature, which exercise had rendered more than acute. The obsequious host soon furnished him with an excellent breakfast ; which having finished, he mounted the Norwich stage, that had arrived during his repast, and at the close of day found himself in that city.

Meanwhile, Bremere, mixing with the circle of Belfont's late acquaintance, heard with silent indignation the illiberal and unjust reflections that were cast on the supposed misconduct of his friend.

The impertinent enquiries, with which his ears were assailed, from all who knew him in the habits of friendship with Belfont, were almost too much for his temper to bear with composure; and he was often on the point of violating the promise of secrecy his friend had extorted from him, to vindicate his character from the aspersions of flander.

Seated, one evening, in a box at Drury Lane Theatre, he was seen by Lady Caroline Blandith, from the opposite side of the house; who, *sans ceremonie*, immediately came round to him. "So, my Lord!" said she, entering the box; "what is become of your friend Belfont? Have you seen him lately? How does he bear his misfortunes? I am really sorry for the unfortunate youth.

"My friend," replied Bremere, "is infinitely obliged to your ladyship for the concern you take in his distress!"

"Why, you know, my Lord," returned Lady Caroline, "one can't help being concerned for the distresses of those who were of one's acquaintance. I profess," continued she, "the news of his ruin astonished me prodigiously; and, I assure you, I felt myself extremely hurt at it; for his lordship had paid me much attention, and I began to think I had made a conquest. It is, however," added she, "very fortunate that the affair ended as it did; for, you know, it would have been a shocking thing to have involved one's self in such difficulties."

“ True Madam !” replied Bremere ; who, by her ladyship’s discourse, found she was the person to whom Belfont alluded as having attracted his particular notice ; “ but, after all, whatever diminution the fortune of Lord Belfont has received, be assured, it is still sufficient to support the woman whom he shall honour with his hand, in a style of elegance that might soothe the most extensive vanity !” And without waiting her ladyship’s reply, bowed, and wished her good-night ; disgusted with the affected concern she expressed for his friend’s imaginary distress, which was but ill calculated to conceal the spirit of malevolence that rankled in her bosom.

Lady Caroline stood some minutes after Bremere’s departure, in a fixed astonishment : she knew not what construction to put upon his words ; but, after a short consideration, she concluded what he had said, was only to shelter his friend from the censure of the world, and to enforce the opinion that his affairs were not so desperate as they had been represented. With these ideas, she rejoined her company ; and, in discoursing on other topics, Belfont and his misfortunes escaped her memory.

And now, gentle reader, let us banish from our thoughts the giddy Lady Caroline, and attend the steps of Belfont ; whom, hereafter, if you please, unless it shall be found necessary to use his real name, we will distinguish by that of Trueman. Having spent a few days at Norwich, in examining those objects most worthy the notice of a traveller, he left that city, and continued his

excursion, till he found himself, for the first time, on his own estates, in the midst of his tenantry.

Totally unknown to his tenants, and equally so to his steward, he had an opportunity of informing himself of the oppression which the former bore, and the abuse which the latter committed. It was near sunset when he arrived at a pleasant village on the borders of the sea, which contained, what is there called, an inn. Here he took up his quarters. Having deposited his bundle in the room where he was to sleep, he repaired to the kitchen; and, seating himself among the rustics assembled over their evening *gotch of nog**, joined in their discourse.

The conversation chiefly turned on the transactions of the village; and, among a variety of anecdotes detailed by the inhabitants, the recent misfortunes of their worthy curate most attracted the notice of Trueman. The incident dwelt strongly on his mind; and, fatigued as he was by his day's walk, he determined, before he slept, to make himself acquainted with the narrative of a man of whom his parishioners spoke in such high terms of approbation. When the company retired, he invited the landlord to partake of his beverage; who, being a communicative sort of a person, and one who had a considerable share of humanity interwoven in his composition,

* The earthen jugs, out of which the people in Norfolk drink, are called *gotsches*: and their strong beer is known by the name of *nog*.

readily complied with Trueman's request, to relate the misfortunes of the worthy pastor.

“ I will tell you, Sir,” said he, “ the story of Parson Benley. You must know, Sir, that he is the curate of our parish. The living, which is in the gift of my Lord Belfont, belongs to a clergyman, who lives in the west ; and, though it brings him in a good three hundred pounds a year, he gives his curate only forty pounds out of it. So that, you see, the master gets two hundred and sixty pounds for doing nothing, as one may say ; while the servant, who does every thing, is obliged to be contented with scarcely a seventh part of that sum ; and though the good woman, his wife, brought him a large family, he could never get any increase of salary. This made him determine on taking a farm ; which, by the death of one of his neighbours, became vacant. But, I don't know how it was, though he worked as hard as any day-labourer in the parish, and his wife was as industrious as a bee, they cou'dn't, as the saying is, bring both ends together ; and, to make short of the matter, my lord's steward, seized on his flock ; which not being sufficient to pay all arrears, the hard-hearted rascal clapt him into the county-gaol.”

“ And his family,” asked Trueman, “ what are become of them ?”

“ His wife and four children,” returned the landlord ; “ three fine boys, from ten to thirteen years old, and a daughter grown up, are in a cottage hard by, that belongs to me. The overseer of the parish, who is a

crabbed sort of a fellow, and a friend of the steward, was for sending them to the the workhouse. But, "No," says I ; " hold, neighbour Bruin ! while my roof can give them shelter, and I can provide them with a meal to eke out the earnings of their own industry—And you must know, Sir," said he, with a significant nod, " I am pretty warm—" they shall never endure the wants and hardships of a prison ! For what," says I, " is your workhouse, but a dungeon ; where the poor eat little, and labour hard !—" But, Sir," continued the landlord, " not only I, but the whole village, was against their going there ; and the inhabitants all chearfully spare a little towards the family's support : nay, even the labouring cottager, out of his hard earnings, throws in his mite !"

" And what," enquired Trueman, " is the amount of the sum for which the unfortunate man is now confined ?"

" The whole debt," replied the landlord, " I am told, is about three hundred pounds : a sum by much too large for the inhabitants of our parish to raise without injuring themselves ; or, depend upon it, he would soon be snatched from the hard gripe of the law."

Every particular which related to this worthy man, Trueman enquired with an earnestness that displayed the philanthropic sentiments of his mind ; and intimated not merely a wish, but a fixed determination, to rescue the indigent sufferer from the horrors of a prison, and restore him to his disconsolate family. Impressed with this generous sentiment, he retired to bed meditating on

the means by which he might effect his laudable designs, so as to give the least offence possible to the delicacy of suffering virtue, and conceal the hand that loosed the chains of bondage, and gave once more to the drooping captive the possession of liberty.

After proposing to himself many plans, he at length determined to walk the next day to a post-town about three miles off, and inclose notes to the amount of Mr. Benley's debt, in a letter to that gentleman. This appeared to him the best method he could devise, as it would leave no traces that might lead to a discovery from whom the merited bounty came. Thus resolved, he yielded to the soft embraces of sleep; and, in the morning, rose to execute his benevolent purpose.

In his return, he saw, at a short distance before him, a female and a little boy. The youth carried a basket, which seemed too heavy for his feeble strength to support. The female had, in each hand, an earthen jug; and, having out-walked her companion, had feared herself on a stile to wait his coming up. Trueman accosted the youth, and offered to assist him in carrying his load; a proposal which the youngster readily accepted: telling him, at the same time, that he had been to a neighbouring farmer for cheese and butter; and that his sister, then waiting for him at the stile, had got two jugs of milk for his brothers' breakfasts, who were at home with his mother. "And what is your name, my little fellow?" said Trueman. "Benley, Sir," an-

swered he, "and we live in yonder cottage," pointing to a small house across the meadow.

Trueman, who longed for an introduction to the disconsolate family of the indigent, but worthy curate, was highly gratified with this piece of intelligence.

"Charlotte," said the youth, as they drew near the female, "here is a gentleman has kindly carried my basket for me; and, as you complain the jugs are too heavy for you, I dare say, he will help you too."

"That I will, most readily; and esteem myself obliged in having permission so to do," said Trueman, placing the basket on the ground, and bowing to Miss Benley. "You are very kind, Sir," said Charlotte; "but I am ashamed that Henry should have given you so much trouble: he is an idle boy, or he would not have thus intruded on your politeness."

"Call it not intrusion," returned Trueman; "the young gentleman asked not my assistance, and my service is voluntary."

The blushing Charlotte accepted, with reluctance, the assistance of the gallant stranger; and permitted him to attend her to her humble dwelling. Trueman, a stranger to the undisguised charms of nature, viewed, with a joy bordering on rapture, the personal accomplishments of his fair companion. "And, oh!" said he to himself, "should she wear a mind pure and un-

stained as is her lovely form, she were a treasure worth the proudest monarch's love!"

The lovely maid, unconscious of her power to captivate, received with unconcern the compliments which Trueman paid to her beauty; and, impressed by his gallantry, answered with polite indifference every question of the enamoured youth. In fact, the recent misfortunes that had befallen her family, and the gloomy prospect which fear's deluded eye traced in the bosom of Futurity, had robbed Miss Benley of a considerable share of that vivacity, which, in her happier days, she was wont to possess, and rendered her almost totally indifferent to the converse of her friends, and altogether impudent of society. To this may be attributed the small attention Trueman received to his animated address. With her eyes fixed on the ground, she saw not the man with whom she conversed. Those features, which Beauty claimed her own, that form, where grace with elegance was allied, met not the view of the sorrowing Charlotte; and, before he could impress his lovely auditor with a favorable thought, the painful moment arrived when he was to bid her adieu, or suffer the restraint which the presence of her family would lay him under.

Harry Benley, the youth to whom Trueman had offered his assistance, eased of his burden, had reached home some time before the arrival of his sister. Having informed his mother of the stranger's civility, the good

woman walked to the wicket-gate, that formed an entrance to the garden, to welcome her daughter's return; and, thanking Trueman for his politeness, invited him to partake of their morning's refreshment; which he readily accepted.

"I am sorry!" said the venerable matron, "that my means, and my inclination to make you welcome, are not in unison with each other: but that which I have to give, I give freely. There was a time," added she, with a sigh, and stopping to wipe away the tear which reflection urged—

"I have heard of your misfortunes, Madam," interrupted Trueman; "and I sincerely sympathize in your sufferings. But do not," continued he, "yield to despair. The hand which inflicts distress, can also bestow happiness; and, though the pitiless storm of stern Adversity to-day bears hard and heavy on our defenceless roof, to-morrow Prosperity's cheering sun may raise our sinking hopes, and repair the ravages of the ruthless blast."

Here the discourse was interrupted by the arrival of breakfast, which Charlotte had prepared. Mrs Benley, however, could not help noticing the remark and the language of her guest, which she seemed not to expect from a person in the habit of a peasant. Trueman found that he had excited surprize; and, as soon as their repast was over, in a few words, gave a feigned story of his life; concluding with his intention to reside a few months in the village, and requesting permission to visit them.

Mrs Benley assured him, that the society of a man, possessing such sentiments as he had expressed, would always be to her acceptable; and, with a promise to renew his visit on the morrow, he took his leave. Mrs Benley, and her lovely daughter, in the mean time, could not avoid making their observations on the strangeness of the visit, and the visitor, while he congratulated himself on the completion of his wish for an introduction to the amiable family.

The voluntary contributions of the surrounding peasantry, that so amply supplied the wants and necessities of Mrs Benley and her family, were not confined to the narrow limits of this obscure village: the venerable pastor, in the gloomy confines of a prison, tasted of the grateful bounty; and the sorrows of the wretched captive found alleviation in the affectionate concern of his parishioners. Not a week passed, but some one of the village attended the market; and none ever entered the gates of the city without paying a visit to Mr. Benley.

It was on one of these market-days, that Farmer Welford, having disposed of his samples of corn to a purchaser, waited on the good old man. He found him in a small room, remote from the thoughtless herd of debtors, who sought to bury their cares in riot and dissipation, indulging the religious habits of his mind, and pursuing his pious meditations. The sight of any of his parishioners was a cordial to the drooping spirits of Mr. Benley. He received them with undissembled pleasure. His anxieties, his griefs, though not forgotten, were

suppreſſed, while converſing with his friends; but, at the moment of separation, they returned with increased poignancy, and it required the utmoſt efforts of his mind to ſupport the painful—"Adieu."

"Eternal God!" exclaimed the weeping father, "muſt I no more enjoy the sweets of liberty! Shall I no more behold my humble cot! and muſt thoſe shrubs, thoſe flowers, which Art has taught to twine around my lattice, unſold to ſome ſtranger's eye their fragrant boſoms? Muſt I no more, at cloſe of day—the fond partner of my boſom leaning on my arm, the ſweet pledges of our mutual love in playful fondneſs attending our ſteps—muſt I no more, at this ſweet hour, along the deepening vale extend my rural walk, attentive to the thruſh's ſong, or the happy milkmaid's artleſs ditty!—Muſt I no more, on the brow of ſome beech-crowned hill, my ſtation take, to view the ſtately vessel ſcud before the breeze! or, down the ſloping cliff, urge my peaceful way; and, on the ſea ſhore peneſive listen to the laſhing waves, and mark the frothy ſurge's due retreat!—No! theſe joys are vaniſhed; happieness flies my void embracē; and miſery, want, and wretchedneſs, press hard on my declining years. Theſe were the pleaſures which faithleſs Fortune once beſtowed. How changed the ſcene! Here, when Night her ſable mantle o'er the face of heaven begins to ſpread, nothing is heard but the diſmal rattling of chains; doors of maſſy iron, grating on their hinges, appal the timid ſoul; while horrid oaths, and dreadful imprecaſions, wound the listening ear. O Welford!

my foul sickens at the scene ; and Philosophy scarce can shield my mind from the horrors of despair !”

At this moment the gaoler entered the room, with a letter for Mr. Benley—“ The hand is unknown to me,” said he, looking at the superscription. “ It has a goodly outside,” said the gaoler. “ pray Heaven, it prove not like the world ; fair without, and foul within.”

“ Why, truly, friend,” returned Mr. Benley, “ your satire upon the manners of mankind is not unreasonable. It is, I fear, the maxim of too many of the present age, to conceal the depravity of the heart, beneath the specious appearance of honesty. The termagant female, when some fair youth strikes her fantastic fancy, will assume a peaceful mein ; till, ^{*} falconer like, she lures the tassel to her power, then throws the mask aside. The libertine, who sighs to clasp the blooming virgin in his unchaste embrace, will swear eternal constancy and love ; and invoke even Heaven itself to witness the integrity of his passion ; yet, no sooner has possession cloyed the appetite, and desire sickens, than he forgets his vows, and leaves the too incautious maid to mourn her fond credulity, and his ingratitude. This, however,” continued he, breaking the seal, “ I think, bodes no harm ; I will therefore inform myself of its contents.”

And now, gentle reader, do I most sincerely wish for the pencil of the inimitable Hogarth, to pourtray the features of this trio ; to which language cannot give ex-

pression, nor the most lively conception do justice. Here sat the reverend father, with placid countenance and mind serene, prepared to meet, with complacency, the smiles of Fortune, or to combat with success the frowns of Adversity. Near him stood the gaoler, whom Nature had cast in too soft a mould for the iron-hearted profession; and on his right hand was seated the honest farmer. In the countenance of these, Hope's dawning smile was sweetly contrasted with the dusky frown of trembling Fear. Now Hope shot forth her brightening beam; now, Fear veiled, with her murky cloud, the gilded prospect; and each, by turns, the balance swayed.

At length, Mr. Benley, raising his eyes from the letter, ended their suspense—"It is well, my friends," said he, "Goodness is still extant; and Innocence enjoys the guardian care of Providence. The contents of this letter will best explain my meaning—

"TO THE REVEREND JOHN BENLEY,
AT THE CASTLE OF NORWICH.

"REVEREND SIR,

"The enclosed notes, which I find, on enquiry, will cover to the whole of your debts, wait your acceptance. They are the gift of one, on whom Fortune has bestowed more than he can claim on the score of desert; and who anxiously hopes, while it restores to you those most enviable blessings, liberty, and domestic happiness, he has left no clue by which a discovery of the donor may be effected."

Here the gaoler broke out in a swearing fit of joy ; the farmer, whose emotions were too violent for utterance, could only express his pleasure by his looks ; while the grateful pastor threw himself on his knees ; and, in a fervent pathetic address, to the Giver of all Goodness, poured forth the grateful transports of his soul.

While the bounty of the generous Trueman was thus employed in releasing the worthy curate from the horrors of a prison, he himself was no less assiduous in soothing, by every act of benevolence and hospitality, the anxiety of the family at home. His urbanity and complacence had already obtained him the good opinion of Mrs Benley ; and the amiable Charlotte began to view him with a sisterly regard. If the graces of his person pleased her eye, his generosity of sentiment, and nobleness of soul, excited her admiration and esteem. Trueman cultivated her good opinion with an anxious solicitude that bespoke her dear to his heart ; and he had the happiness to know that he was not indifferent to the object of his love.

With the assistance of his communicative landlord, he was become acquainted with every transaction that had occurred in the village for at least twenty years back ; and from this source he had the painful information of innumerable abuses which his faithless steward had committed on his industrious tenantry ; all which he was determined speedily to redress, and to punish with severity their ungrateful author. On this subject were his thoughts

employed in one of his evening walks, when he was roused from his meditations by the sudden exclamation of a female voice ; and, raising his eye, beheld, on the opposite side of the hedge, the fair object of his affections endeavouring to avoid the importunities of a gentleman who was pursuing her.

“ Stay, lovely Charlotte ! ” said the stranger. “ Why, my fair enslaver, do you fly me thus ? ”

“ Why, Sir, ” returned the affrighted girl, “ are you so importunate ? ”

“ Because, ” answered he, “ I wish to remove the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your brow. In short because I love you. Who could behold beauty such as yours, and live a stranger to affection.

“ Affection ! ” returned the lovely girl, while the glow of honest indignation increased the vermillion of her cheek ; “ view your recent conduct to my father, then say if affection bore a leading feature there ? ”

“ On honourable terms, ” said he, “ I sought your hand, which you in scorn refused. Had then your father laid on you his commands, and forced you to be mine, he had escaped my just resentment.”

“ My choice was free, Sir, ” said the indignant maid ; “ and, perhaps it was my nature’s fault I could not love you. But excuse my abruptness, ” added she

withdrawing from her persecutor ; “ should we be seen thus discoursing, the discovery would not add to my reputation.”

“ This contempt, child, is very pretty!” said the unfeeling monster ; “ but it shall not divert me from tasting the ripe beauties of those matchless charms.” Then, rudely snatching the struggling beauty to his loathed embrace, impressed on her lovely lips the guilty purpose of his passion. At that instant, rage and indignation fired the soul of Trueman ; who, darting through the hedge, seized the rude ravisher by the throat, and hurled him to the ground. “ Detested monster!” cried the enraged youth, “ I know thee well ! Thou art the faithless steward of the misused Belfont. Already has thy fame reached thy master’s ears : nor think, vile ingrate, that he will suffer thy villainies to escape with impunity.” Then, taking the almost fainting Charlotte by the hand, he hastened from this fallen Lucifer ; leaving him to the torment of his guilty thoughts, and in utter astonishment at the mysterious words.

The fluttered spirits of the amiable Charlotte hardly supported her from the presence of her base assailant, before she sunk lifeless into the arms of her deliverer ; who, urged by fear, placed her on a bank, and ran for water to a neighbouring r.valet, and besprinkled her features with the cooling drops. Soon, to his wishes, she unclosed her lovely eyes ; and, fanned by the gentle breezes, recovered from this state of transitory death.

" You tremble still, my Charlotte," said the enamoured youth ; " and, by your disordered looks, seem to doubt your safety."

" O no ! " faintly answered the grateful fair ; " where Trueman is, suspicion has no dwelling."

" Enchanting sweetnes ! " exclaimed the enraptured lover, catching her hand and carrying it to his lips. " Oh ! my lovely Charlotte, never till this hour of danger did I know how dear an interest in my heart you held. Would my sweet girl but kindly listen to my artless tale, would she but give my ardent passion one approving smile—"

" Alas ! " interrupted Charlotte, rising from her seat, " I have no smiles to give. On any other subject, I will hear you : but, till again my father breathes the air of freedom, till from the chains of bondage he is freed, I have foreworn all joy."

" Till that blest period," said Trueman, " when Fortune shall cease to persecute thy venerable sire, and give the captive to his weeping friend, my passion in Concealment's painful bosom shall dwell immured, if then thou wilt give my artless tale attention ! This only do I ask : grant me but this ; and Hope, like a fond parent, shall nurture my love, and lull to rest each intrusive care."

" Then, by my hopes of bliss hereafter," said the lovely maid, " I vow, when that happy hour arrives, I will not chide thy fondnes. But tell me, if you know,

what means this sudden joy that through the village reigns ? How sweetly sound the merry bells ; while every breeze from yon shouting throng wafts the breath of pleasure.”

“ And see,” said Trueman, “ where to my Charlotte’s cottage they bend their steps ! It is, methinks, no vulgar cause that swells this loud acclaim !—But, see ! your brother comes, the harbinger to happiness !”

“ Oh, Charlotte !” said Harry, as he drew near them, “ our dear father is come home again. Farmer Welford brought the news that he was on the road ; and the whole village went to meet him. They took the horses from the chaise, and dragged him to our cottage. My mother cries for joy, and sent me to seek after you. Make haste, my dear sister, my father longs to see you. —And do you, Mr. Trueman, come too ; my mother has told him what a kind friend you have been. I will run back, and say you are coming.”

“ Now, now, my Charlotte,” said Trueman, “ indulge this flood of joy, nor check the soft emotions of the soul. These tears become thee ; which, like the fleeting flower that bates the summer’s day, give fresh lustre to the charms of nature.”

“ Is that which I have heard derived from truth ?” asked the astonished Charlotte ; “ or is it but the dream of fancy ? My father released from Prison ! By whom ?”

"Why," said Trueman, "should you question whence the gracious bounty came! It is sufficient that he is returned. Think, my dear Charlotte, the measure of his bliss incompleat, till in his paternal embrace he folds thy lovely form. Hasten, then, to increase and share his merited happiness." Then, folding her arm in his, he hurried towards her dwelling.

Mr. Benley, at the moment of their approach, was seated at the door of the cottage, surrounded by many of his parishioners; when Charlotte, breaking from Trueman rushed into her father's arms, exclaiming—"My dear, dear, dear Father!" The enraptured parent mingled the tears of fond affection with those of filial gratitude; and every countenance beamed with smiles of joy. Nor was the welcome of the worthy Trueman wanting in cordiality: but, when the lovely Charlotte related her rescue from the hated Sandford, the murmur of applause fell from every tongue, while the grateful father strained the gallant stranger to his heart by the endearing name of son.

The return of the worthy pastor to his mourning flock, was celebrated by the inhabitants of the parish as a sort of jubilee. Every one strove to excel his neighbor in acts of courtesy. Stores of viands were conveyed from all parts of the village; and while, by the pale light of the moon, sprightly youth led up the merry dance, cheerful age sat and quaffed the nut-brown ale, talked over the feasts of former days, and in thought grew young again.

Charlotte, the lovely Charlotte, no more a prey to grief, no more the victim of despair, listened to the impassioned breath of love. The gallant Trueman forgot not to claim, nor did the blushing maid refuse, the promise she had made; and, before the hour of parting came, her tongue confirmed the passion which her eyes revealed.

Every transaction that had occurred since Lord Belfont's arrival in the village, he had transmitted to his friend Bremere; and, on confirmation of the oppression which his steward had exercised upon his tenants, inclosed the discharge of that unfeeling wretch; with an order to deliver his accounts to Mr. Benley, whom he appointed his successor. A letter, announcing to this gentleman his appointment, also accompanied the packet which Bremere duly forwarded from London in the manner his friend had directed. By this time Bremere, on the permission of Belfont, who now intended to assume his real name and character, had refuted the opinion which had been entertained of the derangement of his lordship's finances. The whole was declared to be a feint; and no one was more affected at this unexpected discovery than Lady Caroline Blandish, the former object of Belfont's regard.

The sensations of Sandford, on reading his Lordship's letter, were such as are familiar only to the guilty mind. In addition to his inhuman treatment of the worthy curate, and libidinous designs on the honour of his child, he had been guilty of the most bare-faced acts

of fraud on his employer; and, conscious that he had wasted the property of another man, in extending his own ambitious prospects of greatness, the conflict became too painful for him to bear. The perturbation of his mind brought on a violent fever; which, as he refused every medical assistance, soon terminated his miserable existence.

Far different were the feelings of Mr. Benley on the perusal of this epistle. That which the ambitious Sandford lost by pride, he through humility had acquired. The salary annexed to the office of steward amounted to 300*l.* a year: an acquisition which Mr. Benley as little expected as his release from prison—

“ How variegated,” exclaimed he, “ is the life of man ! His morn of infancy rises immersed in clouds, and the louring tempest carries ruin in its aspect. Anon, the friendly breeze of Fortune disperses the threatening storm: Prosperity’s golden sun sheds forth its clearing rays, enervates the chilling blasts of bleak Adversity, and decks the evening of his days in smiles of joy.”

“ And oft the ministers of Fate reverse the pleasing scene !” said Trueman, who had entered the cottage unobserved, while Mr. Benley was speaking.

“ You come very opportunely, my dear friend,” said Mr. Benley, “ to share the pleasure which our new acquired fortune gives.” And after having informed Trueman of the contents of that letter—which himself had written—said, he had discovered the bounteous hand

"Less warmth, methinks, Sir," said the angry maid, "will better serve the cause of truth."

"Less warmth, Madam," returned Trueman, "would confirm me the guilty wretch your hard thoughts, and this vile scroll, have made me. But, tell me, Charlotte, if I can repel by truth indubitable this unjust arraignment of my honour, what reward I may expect?"

"Oh!" said the half-forgiving nymph, "clear but thyself of these gross suspicions, with which I do confess my mind is filled; appear but the man my fond wishes have formed thee; and, though Fortune, while she raised me to the giddy heights of greatness, should sink thee to the lowest ebb of poverty, I would reject the crowned monarch's hand, to share thy honest love!"

"Then dismiss thy fears," said the enraptured lover; "and know, that he who thus prostrates himself at thy feet, a willing slave, is the happy Belfont."

"Lord Belfont!" exclaimed the astonished Charlotte.

"Yes, my dear girl," he returned, "the rich, the happy Belfont, lives the vassal of your power. In the haunts of titled grandeur, amid the sumptuous domes of greatness, I sought for beauty, worth, and honor; for pure, disinterested love; but fruitless was my search. In the calm sequestered shades of humble life, in the person of my lovely Charlotte, I have found them: nor would

I, for all else beneath the canopy of heaven, forego the envied prize. But tell me, lovely girl," continued he, "from what envious hand didst thou receive this vile defamer of my truth?"

"Last night, when dancing on the green," replied Miss Benley, "a letter fell from your pocket. I took it up unobserved; and, after the company retired, perused its contents: from these I learned that you were in disguise."

"And the rest," replied Belfont, "your fears supplied?"

"Even so, my lord," in soft confusion, replied the lovely maid.

"Then, truly," said Belfont, "you had reason for suspicion. But come, my lovely bride—for such I may now call you," continued his lordship—"let us disclose our mutual passion to your parents. Their approbation gained, we then will name the happy day."

The yielding fair one gave him her hand, and he led her to the cottage; where he found Mr. Benley on the point of going out. "May I entreat a moment's conversation before you leave us, Sir?" asked his lordship.

"Aye, my good Sir, an hour's if you please," replied Mr. Benley.

"Thus it is, Sir," said Belfont. "Your daughter has beauty, worth and innocence. To say I barely

love her, falls far short of the measure of my affections. I sought, I gained, her fond regard; and it is now our mutual wish, with your consent, to exchange, at the altar, our holy vows, and sign a contract of eternal love."

"How say you, Charlotte?" asked Mr. Benley. "In this, does Mr. Trueman speak the wishes of your heart?"

"He has my free consent, Sir, to what he now proposes," answered the blushing maid.

"The request is somewhat sudden," resumed Mr. Benley. "It is true, I have found you worthy; and your merit well deserves the treasure which it seeks: but a tender regard for the happiness of my child forbids me to give a too precipitate answer; and some little enquiry, methinks, is necessary to—

"True," interrupted Belfont; "it is a matter that requires the most serious consideration; and the reluctance which you feel to decide this important request, without examining the merits of the suitor, gives additional worth to your character. An accident," continued his lordship, "has revealed to the fair object of my wishes—or I should have worn the mask a few days longer—that he who sought to win her love, was not the lowly peasant he appeared. With angry voice the questioned my fidelity; and charged me—Heaven knows how wrongfully—with meditating designs against her honour. To repel this unjust suspicion of the purest passion

that ever warmed the breast of a man, I threw aside disguise, and confessed myself the happy Belfont."

"Your lordship does not mean to sport with our misfortunes?" said the astonished parent.

"No, on my honor!" replied his lordship; "that which I have proposed, it is my most earnest wish should be accomplished."

"Then, take her, my lord," said Mr. Benley, presenting to him his daughter's hand; "and may she prove deserving of your love!"

"Thanks! a thousand thanks!" returned the grateful youth, "for the precious gift. And now, Sir, by your leave, we will again assemble our rustic friends, and spend the night in merriment; and to-morrow, yes! if my Charlotte will indulge the fond request, to-morrow's sun shall light us to the bridle bed!"

The lovely maid smiled consent; and Mr. Benley hastened to the village, where the joyful tidings soon spread. The tenants flew with cheerful haste to pay their duty to their illustrious landlord, and none refused the invitation of his lordship.

"Joy reign'd, and Pleasure lit the smiling scene."

The dance, the song, the catch, and mellow ale, went round; while time flew swiftly on; and night, almost unobserved, resigned her fable reign. The ruddy morn peeped o'er the misty mountain's top; and the guirish sun,

with more than usual brightness, rose to grace the nuptials of the happy pair. Transplanted from the vale of humble life, into the gay parterre of stately grandeur, the virtues of the beauteous Charlotte in all their native splendour shone. The enamoured Belfont, each returning day, found in his lovely consort new beauties to admire ; while a numerous offspring, emblems of the race from whence they sprung, heightened the pleasures of the marriage state, and filled the measure of their earthly bliss.

THE TWO BEES.

ON a fine morning in may, two bees set forward in quest of honey ; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a while on the various dainties that were spread before them, the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter ; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial that hung beneath the bough of a peach tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged head-long into the vessel, resolv-

ing to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher on the other hand, tipped a little with caution, but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers, where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening however he called upon his friend; to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to acknowledge, with his latest breath that, though a taste for pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence, is inevitable destruction.



PATIENCE RECOMMENDED.

—
BOLINGBROKE.
—

THE darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads, some reach us and some fly to wound our neighbors. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our

health and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts ; and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change, but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of nature, who governs the great kingdom, the world, by continual ininations. Let us submit to this order ; let us be per- suaded that whatever does happen, ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take is to suffer patiently what we can not alter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, which directs every thing, has marked out for us, for it is enough to follow ; and he is but a bad soldier who fights and marches with reluctance.

We must receive the order with spirit and chearfulness, and not endeavour to flink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God, who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses—

“ Parent of nature ! Maker of the world,
Where’er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with chearful resignation turn ;
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear,
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share ? ”

Thus let us speak and thus let us act. Resignation to the will God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence; and instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

THE DUTY OF A PARISH CLERK.

POPE.

NO sooner was I elected in to my office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man, I considered myself in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship; the wise Mr. Justice Free.

man. The grave Mr. John Tonson. The good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters ; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby Knight and Bart. and my young master the "Squire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to quit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation ; but the lord forbid I should glory therein.

I was determined to reform the manyfold corruptions and abuses, which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all except the lap dog of the widow Howard, a sober dog that yelped not, nor was their offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, tho' sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pained me ; for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, with the sweat of my own hands, did I make plain and smooth the dogs ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, did I cause every sunday to be swept with a besom and trimed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neat-

ly darned, washed and laid in fresh lavender (yea and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose wate ;) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, for as much as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

Shoes did I make (yea and if entreated mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave ; and I clipped the hair. Christening also did I practice, in the worming of dogs, but to bleed adventured I not except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession, there passed among men a merry tale, detectable enough to be rehearsed : How that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with spanish blacking for shoes instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp black powdered his perriwig. But there were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth : for it is well known that great was my care and skill in these my crafts, yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray, he was called Toby, that is to say Tobias, and Thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said Lady, to set heel piece thereon, and I received much praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish I should be recommended unto the King, to mend shoes for his majesty whom God preserve. AMEN.





STORY OF LA ROCHE.

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favoured to the abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations, which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a house-keeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly pitious to see the old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and

broke of the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best room in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. H. was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cob-webs. On a flock bed, at one-end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter: she was dressed in a clean white bedgown, her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. H. and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it, "Made-moielle!" said the old woman, at last, in a soft tone, she turned, and shewed one of the finest faces in the world; it was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her; a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the *gouvernante*; "If he could possibly be moved any where."—"If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret-room unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante's*. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the strang-

er, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By this time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman, of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession.—He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. H. though he felt no devotion, never quarreled with it in others.—His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—“*My master,—* said the old woman, “*alas!* he is not a christian, “*but he is the best of unbelievers*”

“ Not a christian ! ”—exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche ; “ yet he saved my father ! Heaven bless him for it ; I would he were a christian ! ” “ There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,” said her father, “ which often blinds men to sublime truths of revelation ; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.” “ But, Mr. H.” said his daughter, “ alas ! my father, he shall be a christian before he dies.” She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness ; she drew it away from him in silence, threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. “ I have been thanking God,” said the good La Roche, “ for my recovery”—“ That is right,” replied his landlord.—“ I would not wish,” continued the old man, “ hesitatingly, “ to think otherwise ; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas ! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. H’s. hand,) but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the almighty, I feel a far different sentiment ; my heart dilates with gratitude, and love to him ; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure ;

“ and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror.”—“ You say right my dear sir,” replied the philosopher; “ but you are not re-established enough to talk much; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland, I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.” La Roche’s eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord: not perhaps the less for his infidelity, at least, that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him; their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy

every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse ; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guiltless manner of the earliest times with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones; every better feeling, warm and vivid : every ungentle one, expressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love ; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those vallies of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides ; below, it circled round a tufted plain and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. H. enjoyed the beauty of the scene ; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent ;

the daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven, and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence:—it was too delicate for their handling: but La Roche took it in good part. “It has pleased God,” said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven. “That is the signal,” said he, “for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners were wont to join it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books, that may afford you some entertainment within.”—“By no means,”

" answered the philosopher ; " I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions."—" She is our organist," said " La Roche ; " our neighbourhood is the country of " musical mechanism ; and I have a small organ fitted " up for the purpose of assisting our singing."—" 'Tis an " additional inducement," replied the other ; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche ; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined ; the words were mostly taken from the holy writ ; it spoke the praise of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched by a hand less firm ; it paused, it ceased ; and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke ; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassments. He addressed a being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man : even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so con-

genial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked him. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father, who art "in heaven!" might the good man say, for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

" You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. H. " when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure " derived from music, you regret your want of musical " powers and musical feelings; it is a department of the " soul you say, which nature has almost denied you, " which, from the effect you see it have on others, you " are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not " the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel " it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration which I " would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoy- " ments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish " of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten " them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds " the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation, in every " good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake " me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on " my affliction, so lifts me above the world. Man I " know is but a worm; yet, methinks, I am then allied " to God!" It would have been inhuman in our phi- losopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sun- shine of this belief.

"Twas with regret he left a society in which he

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found himself so happy ; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter, a plan of correspondence : and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva ; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him : from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or his enemies. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. H's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former offices ; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in service of a foreign

power. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event: but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation in the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress: he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house: it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it pro-

ceeded from the torch of a person cloathed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. H.'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir, you never beheld a lovier"—"La Roche!" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was the indeed!" The appearance of surprize and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. H.—I perceive, sir, "you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche."—"Acquainted with her! Good God!—when—how—"where did she die?—Where is her father?"—"She died, sir, of heartbreak, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composted as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions: "follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His

people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes, half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the palerels of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased:—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. H. was not less affected than they. La Roch arose—“ Father of inercies,” said he, “ forgive these tears ; assist thy servant to lift up his “ soul to thee ; to lift up to thee the souls of thy people. “ “ Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom “ of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be born in “ that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom “ is here of little use ; for in proportion as it bestows “ comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may “ cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to “ enjoy happiness. I wll not bid you be insensible, my “ friends ! I cannot, if I would, (his tears flowed afresh) “ —I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of “ my feelings ; but therefore may I the more willingly “ be heard ; therefore have I prayed God to give me “ strength to speak to you : to direct you to him, not “ with empty words, but with these tears ; not from “ speculation, but from experience, that while you fee “ me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

“ You behold the paourner of his only child, the

“ last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years !
“ Such a child too ! It becomes not me to speak of her
“ virtues ; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, be-
“ cause they were exerted towards myself.—Not many
“ days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and
“ happy ; ye who are parents will judge of my affliction
“ now. But I look towards him who struck me ; I see
“ the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.
“ Go, then, mourn not for me ; I have not lost my
“ child : but a little while, and we shall meet again,
“ never to be separated. But ye are also my children :
“ would ye that I should not grieve without comfort ?
“ So live as she lived, that when your death cometh, it
“ may be the death of the righteous, and your latter
“ end like hers.”

Such was the exhortation of La Roche ; his audience answered it with their tears. (The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord ; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope.) Mr. H. followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past ; at the sight of him, the scene they last met in rushed again on his mind ; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. “ You see my weakness,” said he, “ 'tis the weakness of humanity, but my comfort is not “ therefore lost”—“ I heard you” said the other, “ in “ the pulpit ; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.” “ It is my friend,” said he, “ and I trust I shall ever “ hold it fast ; if there are any who doubt our faith, let “ them think of what importance religion is to calamity,

" and forbear to weaken its force ; if they cannot restore
" our happiness, let them not take away the solace of
" our affliction."

Mr. H.'s heart was smitten ; and I have heard him, long after, confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him, even to weakness ; when amidst all the pleasure of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

STROLLING PLAYER

Giving a Sketch of his Life.

I COULD, readers, were I inclined to take up many hours of your time, recount to you the various pranks and childish actions of the earliest of my days : but to insure brevity, which is the charme of every tale, I shall merely skim over the prominent features in the portrait of my life.

My name I shall for the honour of my parents, suppress ; and the many aliases that have been tacked to it I shall also pass over in silence. My father was a respect-

able shopkeeper in the city ; and being himself doatingly fond of merchandise, he, like many other parents, without considering the talent of the child, brought me up with great care to the same trade. But all his attention and instruction were totally lost upon one who had a natural and unsupportable antipathy to every kind of business, and whose whole mind was filled with airy notions of fame and renown. I had a smattering of taste for literature. I had formed the foolish idea, which has been the bane and ruin of hundreds, that I possessed some sparks of genius, and might make no inconsiderable figure in the world as an author.

My father dying, left me for fortune a good shop, the stock in trade, and a good business, which I endeavoured to carry on for some time ; but attending more to making poetry than to making money, to turning a period than to turning the penny, or pleasing my customers, I was at length obliged, to keep myself a close prisoner.

The instant I felt the pressure of necessity, I applied with some degree of confidence to my friends, the conductors and publishers of several magazines, who had long fattened in the sunshine of my prosperity, and, whilst eating my dinners, called me the favourite of the Muses ; but they gave me the coldest and most disheartening reception, absolutely refusing to give the *most surprising genius* six-pence a-piece for his *verses*.

Thus being unable to raise money enough by my writings to pay for my lodgings in the attic, and, therefore, being made a bankrupt in the court of Apollo, as

Well in the court of Chancery, I was arrested, and lodged, rent free in the——, where I passed my time, however, in the best and most fashionable company I had ever met.

In a short time, my creditors, perceiving that they might as well endeavour to extract blood out of a post as money out of me, thought proper, in the plenitude of their mercy, to set me at large; by which they avoided paying, as I afterwards understood, a certain allowance, which a creditor is compelled to discharge, while he keeps his debtor confined.

I now would wish to pass over five years of my life; but as the reader may desire to know how I managed in the great emergency I experienced on leaving the——, without a penny in my pocket, I will not disappoint his curiosity; only entreating him that my narrative may not injure me in his esteem.

Fortune smiled on me for some time with uncommon kindness; for, suddenly, like another Midas, whatever I touched instantly turned into gold. But, happening unluckily, one day, by the merest chance, to touch some spoons in my new lodgings, which were also hastening to turn into gold, they and I were stopped, and I committed to durance vile. Well, reader, the consequence was, that I was sent a voyage that took me up five long and gloomy years. You must not however, judge too harshly of me for this faux pas. You never felt the pangs

of want, and, therefore, know not what it is to be tempted to do wrong, to relieve a pressing and present necessity.

My first determination, on my return, was to abandon the Muses, Ambrosia, and Hippocrene, and to get into service, thinking I should thrive better with cookmaids, on roast-beef and porter.

The first place I obtained, through the medium of *an office for servants*, which gave me the fairest character imaginable, was with a dramatic writer, who was the most consummate plagiary living; by taking characters and incidents from obsolete plays and old novels, he contrived to frame dramatic pieces that met with passable success. To speak truly of him, he was in his business a very good *mechanic*. Here I lived exceedingly well for about three months; when, on a sudden, my master left off eating, drank little, slept less, and stuck to his anvil day and night. This naturally alarmed me, and the more, as I could not, for the soul of me, come at the reason. At length, having eaten up the last morsel of eatable matter, I could hold out no longer, and determined to know the cause of this extraordinary and unchristian-like fast; farther resolving, if my master was doing penance for his sins, to leave him, as I thought I had perfectly expiated mine, by my late voyage.

Living in chambers, there was, as it is common, an old laundress, who used formerly to come every morning to make the beds, and put the rooms in order. These offices, however, were now totally abolished, my master

always locking the door of his room, whenever he made an excursion from home. This the old woman was aware of, and never troubled him with her visits. In my dilemma, it soon occurred to me, that she would be a proper person of whom to enquire the cause of this melancholy change in the order of the house. At first she appeared surprised at the several questions I put to her on the subject; and, at last, burst out into a violent fit of laughter, exclaiming: "What the dickens! an't you gone y'et?—Why he has begun above a week!"—"Begin! begun what;" cried I, "he's left off eating—I know that"—"Begin what?"—She replied: "Why, his next play, to be sure; and high time too, having spent all the money he got for his last. Why, child, he has no idea that you're in the house."—"O! ho!" said I, "is that the case?—Then I shall strike my tent, and beat a march to-morrow morning; not, however, without asking for my pay."

I then quitted the old laundress, and remained at my master's chambers, teasing him for my wages, until I could fast no longer; and, being unable to recover a *sous*, I took pity on him, having been a debtor myself, and left him in peace, to go in search of one who made more use of his *digestive powers*; one who paid less respect to *intellectual pleasures* than to *visible ones*.

Immediately after this, I was hired by a caricaturist, with whom I lived pretty well, but whose being over head and ears in debt was the cause of my losing my place. It happened in the following manner: It was a custom

with all the friends of my new master, who called on him to cough, at the same time that they knocked in a particular manner at the door, which was a signal that they were no bailiffs. A beef-steak pye having been taken to the baker's one morning, to be ready at two, and the clock having struck, I was in wonderful appetite and anxiety for the baker's approach. Looking out of the window, (we lived up three-pair-of-stairs,) I saw him coming down the street—presently heard him upon the stairs, and now he knocks and coughs. The door was instantly opened, the pye seized, and the baker dismissed. Having both my hands full, and the dish being very hot, I had no time to attend the door, which the careless rascal left on the jar, and the bailiffs, ever on the watch, before my master could help himself, in rushed a couple of them, and quickly tapped the affrighted caricaturist on the shoulder, who, at the moment, exhibited himself the ~~fa~~test caricature I ever witnessed.

The poor painter was soon spirited away by one of the bailiffs, who told the other to sit down, keep up the fire, and to expect him back as soon as possible. Off they trudged, and I and the remaining bailiff, without farther ceremony, began the pye. In a short time the second returned, and we all set to. The bailiffs staid here two days, until they had ate and drank every thing there was in the chambers, when it was thought full time to part and depart. The tipstaffs took their own rout, and, I, penniless and hungry, made towards St. James's Park, where sitting down on one of the benches, I pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write some verses; a stratagem I

had often known to succeed in charming away the unpleasant sensation arising from the gnawings of an empty belly. As I was writing, without noticing the objects that passed and repassed before me, I was suddenly startled by a loud burst of laughter, and exclamation; *Very Well!—Very good indeed!* I instantly turned my head, and perceived a friend of my late master's looking over my shoulder.—“What!” said he, “so they have nabbed the caricaturist? Well, well, he can draw there as well as in his own lodgings—he's no more a prisoner in one place than in the other. And you, if I may judge from your present employment, and that hungry face, are on the ~~pavé~~—I beg pardon—are at large.” It appears that no words could have expressed the feelings of my compassionate bowels more loudly and perfectly than my countenance. Hunger was personified in my appearance. I was its symbol, type, and image.

“Well,” continued the gentleman, who was of a jolly, laughter-loving countenance, and the picture of plenty; “if I conjecture right, follow me: I'm going home to dinner, where you may dine, and stay, if you like, till you get a better place.”

When the manna fell from heaven, the children of Israel did not seize it with more avidity than I did the kind offer that was made me:—I followed him to his house. My new master, for so I may now call him, was a more uncommon character than either of those I had lived with before. He had, readers, like your humble servant, employed the younger part of his life in business, from which he had seceded, unlike your humble servant,

with property sufficient to live on, and therefore to be independent. Few, (I must moralize here,) few know how to estimate their own abilities. I mistook mine: as did also my master—for none was ever better calculated to preserve a peaceful and honourable course in trade than himself, and no e less fitted to support the character he affected—a man of genius !

After having been unfortunate in my first essays in service, it will not strike the reader with astonishment, that I should conceive an idea of bending my thought towards some other employment. I could easily have obtained a very excellent character, perhaps, from some one of my masters; but certainly from those venders of reputation, who had served me so essentially on my return from—from—that is to say, when I first put on the yoke of servitude. But I was determined to embrace a pursuit of life, that promised at once to be more lucrative and less burthensome than the occupation of a servant. Amongst the several that presented themselves to my mind, none for a considerable time came unaccompanied by insurmountable difficulties. To take the path of literature, to lead me to fortune, said I to myself, would be, *knowing what I know*, the very acme of insanity.—Upon making this observation, I fell into a train of thinking, that brought me, when I least expected it, into the identical harbour for which I was sailing, but without either compass or pilot.—Literature, said I, will never answer my purpose. A *printer's devil*, or a *postman*, earns more in a week than most other men of letters can realise in half a year.—Why, a beggar gets more, and lives better

than half the garret tenants in the kingdom!—Better! continued I; ecod, I don't know whether there are many trades, in a town like London, to be preferred to that of a beggar! In a word, I concluded my reflections with a resolution to turn mendicant, and live on the eleemosynary alms of charitable Christians. My profession being fixed, there now remained nothing to be done but to equip myself with propriety and judgment; for the business of a beggar would go on but poorly, unless he had recourse to the order of his fraternity—a woe-begone face and a ragged coat. The object I thought most likely to excite charity, and which I at the same time deemed most easy to represent, was a debilitated old man. This I effected by the sale of some of my late master's old coats, with the produce of which I purchased a wig made of hoary locks, and formed to inspire reverence, which, when on my head, with the assistance of my hat, looked exactly as if it had been my own hair. I then disfigured every part of my habiliment, until it had a perfect air of poverty and distress. After this, I dirtied my face, whitened my eyebrows, and, taking a stick to support my trembling limbs, hobbled out from an obscure lodging I had taken in St. Giles's, to experience the success of my stratagem.

The first day I cleared eight shillings and fourpence. And, indeed, I very well deserved it; on account of my ingenuity; for not one bird of the same feather did I observe, and I observed more this day than at any former period, who had plumed himself so notably as I had, in truth, I dressed the poor old wretch I wished to appear so

minutely, that I scarcely ever received a penny without an ejaculation of pity, that a man at my years should be reduced to the necessity of begging about the streets. I pursued this business for some time, often getting more than I did the first day, but never less than five or six shillings ; and, I believe the *worst dressed* of our order seldom get less than five : for we are all able enough, though blind and lame, to go into sixty streets in the course of a day ; and it must be a very uncharitable street, indeed, that won't produce a penny. Continually, in the dusk of the evening have I had sixpences, and shillings even, slipped in my hand by persons who would scarcely let *me* see them do it ; and from this, added to the *number of beggars* there is, I am convinced, much more charity in mankind than people are apt to imagine.

On account however, of being of that unsettled, fluctuating disposition, that would rather change for the worse than not change at all, and having accumulated a small purse, I left my profitable business, in which I had been, and lived well on for three months, and resolved to turn strolling player.

I soon formed a connection with the manager of a strolling company, who, approving of my abilities, very readily received me amongst his dramatic corps ; and, after they had assisted me to spend the little money I had saved, we all set out on our provincial campaign ; to describe which, readers, would be to fatigue you with a series of events, teeming with poverty and wretchedness, yet, surprising as it may appear, with content and inward

satisfaction. So wonderful, indeed, is the infatuation that possesses the mind of a stage-struck hero ! And I do not believe that any of the company, excepting myself, would change his situation for that of the most wealthy of his auditors, if it precluded the indulgence of acting, or rather of fuming and fretting. However our dramatic fund is at the lowest ebb—For we breed so fast, that our cart, when we travel, is chuck-full of bastards, and we are of course obliged to turn footpads, that is, to walk :—don't mistake me readers. A few days ago, the gay Lothario of the company was taken before a justice of the peace, on suspicion of having stolen a goose off a common we were crossing. On this occasion, we sent our Calista with him, attended by eight children walkers, and two in her arms, all of which she declared she had born Lothario, in honest wedlock. And in this instance, the children were of use to us ; for they saved the gallant Lothario from standing in the stocks. The justice, I recollect, was mightily moved when the necessity was represented to him by our colleague, a shrewd fellow, which a poor devil must labour under, who had to maintain so many *pretty ones*. And he said, “ Be of good cheer, woman,” speaking to Calista, who was, like Niobe, *all in tears* ; “ persuade your husband to be honest, for the future, and never fear on account of your children, for whenever God sent mouths, he always sends *virtuals* also.”—“ That may be, your worship,” said Lothario, encouraged by previous acquittal ; but, unfortunately, it too often happens, as it now does to us, that *He sends all the mouths to one house, and all the virtuals*

to another.” This last observation tickled his honor so much, that Lothario actually got half-a-crown from the justice for stealing the goose.

As to my wardrobe, readers, it is small. The suit I have on, is my best suit—best—because I have no other. Heaven forsake me, if I have a change in the world—A strolling player never packs up his clothes. In my suit have I played a whole season, every night in play and farce, as I hope to be saved. But I must not despise my coat, neither; for to it, more than to my merit, (no uncommon thing,) I owe my preferment to the part of Julius Cæsar. Its size, (being no spencer,) and the sun having changed its original color, which was blue, to something like a purple, by turning the buttons inwards, and twisting it round me, it was thought by our manager to imitate, if not correctly, yet certainly much better than any coat in the company, the habit worn by the Roman emperors. So I enacted Julius Cæsar, in the play; then, slipping into the arms, and displaying the buttons, I was dressed for Peeping Tom in the farce. I am now in the profession of a strolling player, my own master, but master, alas! of nothing else. However, I am not of a grieving disposition. If the sun smiles on me, I return the smile—if the clouds lower, I smile by myself.—

I shall not dwell any longer on my theatrical career, well pleased if, at this time I finish, I leave all my readers with their eyes open.



THE SHEPHERD AND THE HUNTER.

The man content in his situation..

GESNER.

The young shepherd Menalcas conducting his flocks to the mountains, having forced himself into the straits of a wild wood, in search of one of his goats, he there beheld a man whom excessive fatigue had compelled to lay down under a bush. "Ah! young shepherd!" cried this man "I yesterday came upon this desert mountain to hunt for the roe and the wild boar. I have rambled to and fro and have met with no cottage: I have found no water to alay my thirst, nor nourishment to appease my hunger." The young Menalcas immediately drew from his pocket some bread and new cheese, which he gave to him, and then taking the flagon from his side: "Refresh thyself" said he to him "here is some new milk; then follow me and I will conduct thee from the mountain." The man having refreshed himself, the shepherd led him from the mountain.

Then the hunter Eschine said to him; "Good shepherd, thou hast preserved my life; how can I reward thee? Come with me into the city; we there dwell not under thatched roofs; but in Palaces of marble, surround-

ed by superb columns, raised to the very clouds. Thou shalt live with me ; thou shalt drink out of golden cups, and eat sumptuous meals from plates of silver.

Menalcas replied ; “ Why should I go into the city ? I dwell in safety in my small cottage ; it shelters me from the rain, and the boisterous winds. If it is not surrounded with columns, it is encompassed with fruit trees and green leaved vines. I draw in an earthen pitcher the clearest water from the neighbouring fountain : I have also sweet wines ; I eat what my trees and flocks produce me ; and if I have not vessels of gold and silver, I can ornament my table with odoriferous flowers.

Eschine.—Come with me, shepherd ; we have in the city, trees and flowers ; art has planted those in straight avenues, and assembled these in systematic gardens. We have there two fountains, where men and nymphs of marble are made to pour out water into magnificent basons.

Menalcas.—Our woods, shaded by the simplicity of nature, are still more agreeable with their winding allies ; our meadows, adorned with a thousand flowers, distributed at random, are still more charming. I have also planted flowers round my cottage, marjarums, lilies, and roses. O then how pleasant are our fountains ! when they issue in bubbling streams from cavities in the rocks ; or when they descend from the heights of the hills through the thickets, and then wind about amongst flourishing green fields. No I will not go into the city.

Eschine.—There thou may'st enjoy the company of young damsels dressed in silks, and whose complexions have not been injured by the heat of the sun; they are white as milk; adorned with gold and precious stones. There skillful musicians will charm thy ears with harmonizing concerts.

Menalcas.—Our brown shepherdesses too are handsome. I wish thou could'st see them, when they deck themselves with fresh roses and garlands of different colors. O what pleasure do we enjoy when we are seated under the shade of a wood, on the bank of some murmuring brook; and listen to the sweet warbling of the birds, which sing on the tops of trees or on the branches of low bushes. Can your musicians sing like the nightingale or the gentle linnet? No, no, I will not go with thee to the city.

Eschine.—What then shall I give thee, shepherd? Take this handful of gold, and this powder flask of the same metal.

Menalcas.—What need have I of gold? I have every thing in abundance: must I buy with gold the fruit of my own trees, or the flowers of the fields, or yet the milk of my own flocks.

Eschine.—What then shall I give thee, happy shepherd? How must I reward thee for thy kindness to me?

Menalcas.—Give me only this small flask that I see hanging by thy side.

Then the hunter, with a bounteous smile gave him the flagon, and the young shepherd leapt for joy, like one of his young goats.

ANECDOCE OF CAPTAIN MARTIN.

Captain Martin, while commanding the Marlborough Indiaman, was attacked by three French ships of war ; one of 70, one of 60, and one of 32 guns ; of which last force his own ship was. They had taken a station in India to intercept all the outward-bound ships that year. The Marlborough's cargo was valued at 200,000*l.* sterling, having 100,000*l.* in foreign specie on board ; this Captain Martin supposed they knew, as otherwise he was of opinion they would have sunk him with their lower tier, when two or three times near him. He first saw them on Thursday morning, and it was Saturday night before he was quite clear of them. His officers and people would persuade him they were English ships, and mentioned their names ; the largest they called the Barrington ; upon which he hauled up his sails, and was sending his boat to invite the Captain to dinner, and to learn their news ; but not being thoroughly satisfied, while viewing them with his glass, he perceived the largest open her lower tier of ports ; and asking if the Barrington had two tier of ports, he was informed not ; on which he recalled his boat, and made all

the sail he could ; which they no sooner observed but they began to fire upon him, hauling down English and hoisting French colors, continuing a brisk engagement for two or three glasses before he could get any distance from them. They kept chasing him till the next day, when they were so near that they could hear what was said on board each other's ship. Perceiving thick weather arising, he formed a scheme which proved of great service to him. He quietly ordered every man to his post, and the sails to be trimmed as sharp as possible ; he then told the man at the helm, that when he ordered him to put the helm hard a-weather, he must put it hard a-lee ; and that if he made no blunder he would reward him handsomely, but if he erred he would shoot him through the head. Then going on the poop, and seeing the French ship so near, he stamped with affected wrath, and asking him if he had a mind to be on board her, bid him put the helm hard a-weather ; he put it quite contrary, as ordered, and brought the ship quite round, almost under the French ship's bowsprit, which surprized them greatly, they imagining he designed to board them. As soon as they were convinced that was not his design, they began to fire and put their helm hard a-lee too ; but their sails not being prepared like his, were all taken aback, which put them into great confusion ; and had there been as much wind as he expected from the appearance of the weather, in all probability they had lost all their masts, which was his aim ; but as it was, before they could get in a proper condition to follow him, he had got above a league ahead.

This was reckoned very able seamanship, as well as a serviceable stratagem. Being at such a distance when night came on, he easily altered his course without observation. He got close under land, and anchored to refresh his people, and repair his rigging and sails, which were much shattered. He declared he never slept sounder for four or five hours than he did that night on the open deck, with a log of wood for his pillow. Not being perfectly secure, at dawn of day he ordered some men up to the mast head, to keep a good look-out; where they had not been long before they cried out they espied a pagoda, but he knowing the coast very well, knew there could be no such thing in sight, and concluded it to be one of the French ships. He immediately cut away his anchor, and made all the sail he could; but before he was well under weigh the French sixty gun ship was nearly up with him. Thus they continued all day. At night he once more effectually deceived them. As soon as it was dark, he ordered a light to be placed in the great cabin window, and no other light to appear in the ship; he then ordered a water-cask to be sawed in halves, in one of which he fixed a mast exactly the height of the light in the window, to which he affixed a candle and lanthorn, and putting the light out of the window, turned the cask adrift. The French soon came up with it, and believing it was his ship, and that he meant to fight, prepared for action; but before all was arranged it sunk, and left them in a perplexity how to proceed. Captain Martin continued his course, and in a short time arrived safe in the port he was bound to.

SIEGE OF GIBRALTER.

At the particular period of time when the enormous floating batteries of the Spaniards were in flames by the incessant fire of red-hot balls from the garrison.

FOR some days after the destruction of their works by the well-judged sortie in 1781, the Spaniards did not even attempt to extinguish the smoking ruins, but seemed stupefied by surprise. Recovering, however, from their consternation, they labored with increasing assiduity, and again constructed very formidable approaches. The bombardment continued with various degrees of vigor, and was answered by corresponding efforts from the garrison. But after the capture of Minorca, the Duc de Crillon, with twenty thousand French and Spanish troops, joined the besiegers, and assumed the command. The garrison received information of these circumstances, and of the intention of the enemy to make their principal attack by sea, with battering ships of a new construction, calculated to resist the effect of shells, and even of red hot cannon balls. They displayed no alarm at these tidings, nor at the view of the formidable preparations in the port of Algeziras; confidence and alacrity generally prevailed, and the privates even volunteered extra services to assist the artillery corps. In the adverse camp

fear and distrust were diffused ; delusive assurances, encouraging promises, threats and punishments, were insufficient to deter large parties from desertion into the country, and individuals into the garrison. The vigilance and judgment of Elliot pervaded every part of his command, and the confidence of those under him rose in proportion ; they sustained with unshaken intrepidity the tremendous and now unceasing cannonade, returning a well-directed fire, which often destroyed the artillery, and demolished some works of the besiegers.

The Duc de Crillon had formerly commanded in the Spanish lines before Gibraltar, and was perfectly acquainted with the state of the garrison ; his operations were assisted by M. d'Arcon, an able engineer ; and Don Juan de Moreno conducted the fleet. The battering ships invented by d'Arcon, were vaunted as impregnable and incombustible : they were fortified to the thickness of six to seven feet on the larboard side, with great timbers bolted with iron, cork, junk, and raw hides ; they carried guns of heavy metal, and were bomb proof at the top, the roof being constructed with a descent for the shells to slide off, termed, in military phrase, *a dos d'âme*. Ten of these formidable floating towers the enemy designed to moor, within half gun-shot of the walls, with iron chains ; while large boats, with mantlets formed with hinges to fall down and facilitate landing, were to be placed at a small distance, full of troops, to take advantage of occurrences. Forty thousand men were to be placed in the camp ; but the principal attack was to be made by sea, and covered by a squadron of men of war,

with bomb-ketches, floating batteries, gun and mortar boats. Such were the preparations in which the enemy fondly relied, and which they loudly boasted were sufficient to beat the fortifications to powders.

For some time after the floating-batteries were complete, the grand assault was deferred, the interval being employed in preparing and making additions to the approaches by land. Elliot was, with equal activity, engaged in the means of defence; among the most conspicuous of which was, a copious distribution of furnaces and grates for heating cannon-balls. He had, a few days before the decisive assault, a pleasing presage of their general effect, by burning one of the most prominent and best defended works of the besiegers.

This event precipitated the grand attack; the Duc de Crillon, alarmed for the fate of the remaining works, opened his batteries in an unfinished state, and maintained an incessant cannonade from an hundred and seventy pieces of ordnance of the largest calibre. The ships of war, gun and mortar boats, also annoyed the garrison and the town. In the space of two days, five thousand five hundred and twenty-seven shot, and two thousand three hundred and two shells were expended from the land batteries alone, to which the garrison returned only a few rounds, against working parties employed in repairs.

The next day produced a still more vigorous discharge; and on the ensuing morning, the garrison beheld the combined fleets of France and Spain anchored in the Bay between the Orange Grove and Algeziras.

The force of the enemy was ostentatiously paraded before the eyes of the garrison, as if intended to unnerve their exertions by terror; and an armament more calculated to produce that effect, was never, perhaps, drawn forth. Forty-seven sail of the line, ten *invincible* battering ships, carrying two hundred and twelve guns, numerous frigates, xebecs, bomb ketches, cutters, and gun and morta boats, with smaller craft for the purpose of disembarkation, were assembled in the Bay. On the land side were stupendous batteries and works, mounting two hundred pieces of ordnance, and protected by an army of forty thousand men, commanded by a victorious and active General, and animated by the presence of two Princes of the Blood, a number of Officers of the first distinction, and the general expectation of the world.

To this prodigious force was opposed a garrison of seven thousand effective men, including the marine brigade, with only eighty cannon, seven mortars and nine howitzers. A prevalent sense of the importance of the station, and the glory which would redound from the defeat of so powerful a foe, raised enthusiastic ardour, and the encouragement the enemy might derive from acting under the eyes of the offspring of their sovereigns, was more than counterbalanced by the affection which the garrison felt towards those Officers who had so long shared with them every hardship, toil, and privation, and whose affability, moderation, and justice, made all consider themselves of a family, a "band of brothers." They anticipated, with animated confidence, the arrival of that day which would relieve them from the tedious cruelty of a blockade.

Having made requisite preparations for resistance, Elliot suffered the battering ships to range themselves in order, the nearest nine hundred, the most remote about twelve hundred yards, from the walls. At three quarters after nine o'clock the cannonade commenced; the enemy were completely moored in less than ten minutes, and the spectators who crowded the neighboring hills, witnessed a continued discharge on the garrison from four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery. The battering ships were found to be not less formidable than they were represented. Against them the garrison directed their whole exertions, regardless of annoyance from the land batteries; but they observed with astonishment, that the heaviest shells rebounded from their tops, while thirty-two pound shot made no visible impression on their hulls; a momentary fire was always extinguished by the application of water. The disappointment of their first exertions only stimulated the garrison to greater vigour; incessant showers of red hot balls, carcasses, and shells, flew from all quarters; the masts of several ships were shot away, and in the afternoon the floating-batteries began to exhibit symptoms, that the skill displayed in their construction could not withstand the furious cannonade to which they were exposed. The confusion on-board the Admiral's battering-ship and her second, and the increasing smoke, demonstrated that combustion raged unsubdued; in the evening their firing was considerably abated, and before eight o'clock it had entirely ceased, except from the two remotest floating-batteries, which had sustained and could effect the least injury.

During the night the cannonade from the garrison was also abated, from the necessity of allowing repose to the wearied artillery men, and the impossibility of directing the guns with certain effect. This interval was rendered awful by the signals of distress thrown up from the Spanish fleet, and the indistinct clamour, the lamentable cries, and agonizing groans, which proceeded from every quarter. A little before midnight, a wreck with twelve men, the survivors out of three-score, floating in, apprised the garrison that they had gained some advantage; but at one o'clock they saw with joy the effect of their perseverance, and the termination of the hopes of the enemy, in the flames, which burst at once from every part of the Admiral's battering ships, while another to the southward burnt as fatally, though with less fury.

The light of the conflagration enabled the garrison to direct their artillery with unerring aim; and the calmness of the sea permitted Captain Curtis, with his gun-boats, to flank the battering ships, and intercept assistance. At four o'clock six other floating batteries were in flames; all hope of assisting the sailors was abandoned by the enemy, but British humanity was gloriously exercised in this tremendous crisis. Captain Curtis, with the marine brigade, actively seconded by Captain Sir Charles Knowles, of the Navy, was indefatigable in his efforts to rescue the miserable wretches, no longer considered as foes, from the dismal alternative of meeting death in flames, or in the waves. The gallant Curtis exerted his pious bravery till the explosion of a floating

battery imminently endangered his own life and those of his followers, and he gained the immortal glory of rescuing from the grasp of death three hundred and forty-five of his fellow-creatures.

The destruction of eight battering-ships removed every alarm from the garrison, and hopes were entertained of saving the two which remained, as trophies, but one suddenly burst into flames and blew up, and, after a survey, it was found necessary to burn the other. The loss of the enemy, in killed and prisoners, was calculated at two thousand ; while the garrison in so furious an attack, had only one Officer, two Subalterns, and thirteen privates, killed ; and five Officers and sixty three privates wounded. The damage sustained by the fortress itself was so small, that the whole sea line was put into serviceable order before night. The failure of this unparalleled attack drew on those who had so confidently vaunted of certain success, the ridicule of their own countrymen, as well as of all foreign nations ; while the applause of Elliot and his brave associates was universally celebrated, in a tone so full and clear, as to silence even envy and detraction. The Officers and privates of the garrison were gratified with the thanks of Parliament : General Elliot received the Order of the Bath, with which he was invested, by delegation, on the spot which he had preserved and dignified by his conduct and prowess. He was afterwards raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Heathfield, enriched with a pension granted by Parliament, and his paternal arms were enlarged by adding those of the fortress he had so ably defended.

Two days only before the grand attack, Lord Howe sailed for the relief of Gibraltar, with thirty-four ships of the line and some frigates. On his arrival a tremendous hurricane dispersed the enemy's fleet, and drove on shore, under the guns of Gibraltar, the St. Michael, of 74 guns, while the British squadron weathered the storm uninjured. The next morning they entered the Straights in line of battle, and landed their stores, with fifteen hundred barrels of gun-powder. The enemy, with sixty-four sail, of the line, kept in sight of the British fleet for some days; but though they always had the option, no superiority of strength or advantage of wind, could tempt them to hazard more than a partial action; and the grand fleet returned safely and prosperously.

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.

.....THE late captain's old domes tie, on whose face was painted the sincerity of sorrow, beckoned me into the back parlour, and having once or twice, with a stroke of his hard hand, driven away the tears that fell upon his furrowed cheek—“ I thought, Sir,” said he, “ when I saw the lid of the coffin screwed down upon my good master, that I had lived too long. When I heard the hammer knock upon the last nail, my heart so sunk at every stroke, it made a coward of me, and I should

have been glad to have skulked to the quiet garrison of death ! But, then, when I thought of my poor mistress, and remembered how my poor dear master loved her, I scorned to be so cowardly as to desert my post, when, by fighting with life a little longer, I might save her from being stormed by want. I know all I can do is but a trifle—a nothing, as a body may say, to folks that are any way above the world ; but it may be of use to her for all that : and so, as I hear you are going to look into my master's papers, and to see what can be made out for my poor mistress, I thought best to tell you, to take my pension into the account."

" Your pension ! Quinten ; and what do you reserve for yourself ? "

" Nothing, but what I can earn by my own labor. Thank God, I am not past working : you see how well I have dressed the captain's garden."

" Well, but honest Quinten, you do not consider that you are in the decline of life, and cannot long be able to labour as you have done."

" I know it, Sir ; I am growing old apace ; but Sam Smith, the old gardener, at Benfield, is ten years older than I am, and he still keeps his place ; and so, d'ye see, I am determined not to touch a farthing of this here Chelsea pension, while I am able to lift a spade. ——Did I not get it by the good word of my master ; who, then, has so good a right to it as his widow ?

Here are twelve guineas besides, which I humbly beg you will fall on some means to make her accept; for I know she would not touch it, if she thought it came from me: so, pray, do not let her know who sent it, for folks in affliction ought to be mighty tenderly dealt with, so as not to hurt their pride—*feelings*, I believe, my young missis would have called it, but I am not learned enough to know the difference."

"Honest, worthy Quinten!" cried I, grasping his hand, thou hast a heart that doth honour to thy species, and principles that are more estimable than all the learning in the world: at a period when neither talents nor learning shall avail, thy gratitude and thy virtues shall exalt thee to glory."



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